SOPHONISBA:

OR,

Hannibal's Overthrow.

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the

Theatre-Royal

BY

Her Majesty's Servants.

Written by NATHANIEL LEE, *Gent*

Præcipitandus est liber Spiritus. Petron.

LONDON:

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To Her GRACE the Dutchess of *Portsmouth.*

Madam,

IF Sophonisba *receiv'd some Applause upon the* Stage, *I arrogate nothing from the Merit of the* Poem, *but, as I ought, with the humblest Acknowledgments and profoundest Gratitude, impute it to the favourable Aspects of the* Court-Stars. *But above all, I must pay my Adorations to your Grace, who, as you are the most Beautiful, as well in the bright Appearances of Body, as in the immortal Splendors of an elevated Soul, did shed mightier Influence, and darted on me a largeness of Glory answerable to your stock of Beams.* Hannibal *himself, whose hardy Spirit never bow'd but to the fair imperious* Rosalinda; *nay, he who, in spight of Beauties Charms, durst gaze upon that Sun with Eagle-eyes, and tax her with a Blemish, now making his Approaches to your Grace, seems awed with the Source of so many Rays, and dazled with a Presence so Illustrious. He sees, with new Bleeding, Eyes more Attractive than those of* Rosalinda; *something more Delicate in your Shape, and Lofty in your Mein; an Air so charming sweet, that 'tis miraculous it shou'd be Majestick too: Smiles of more delightful Shine than* April Suns; *such Softnesses and Languishings as the almighty* Poet *cannot describe, nor* Painters *Pencil ever draw. For my own part, I am resolved to look up to you daily, and dedicate my Life and Labours to your Grace, to spend all the flame of my yet unexhausted Fancy in your unbounded Fame. For, I declare, to be wreath'd in Laurel from Head to Foot, is not comparable Honour to that of being, Madam,*

Your Grace's most humble and devoted Servant,

Nat. Lee.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Hannibal,	General of *Carthage*,	Mr. *Mohun.*
Maherbal,	Lieutenant-General,	Mr. *Burt.*
Bomilcar,	Maſter of the Horſe and Elephants.	Mr. *Winterſhal.*
Scipio,	Conſul of *Rome*,	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Lelius,	His Lieutenant,	Mr. *Lydall.*
Varro,	A Tribune,	Mr. *Watſon.*
Maſſiniſſa,	K. of *Numidia*, Married to *Sophonisba*,	Mr. *Hart.*
Trebellius,	A *Roman* Officer	Mr. *Powell.*
Maſſina,	Nephew of *Maſſiniſſa*,	Mr. *Clark.*
Menander,	Confident of *Maſſiniſſa*,	Mr. *Griffin.*
Sophonisba,	a *Carthaginian* Lady, Daughter of *Aſdrubal*, firſt marry'd to *Syphax*, after to *Maſſiniſſa*.	Mrs. *Cox.*
Roſalinda,	a *Roman* Lady, Miſtreſs of *Hannibal*.	Mrs. *Boutell.*
Rezambe,	Maids of Honour, and Confidents of *Sophonisba*.	
Merna,		
Aglave,	Prieſteſſes of *Bellona*,	Mrs. *Nep.*
Cumana,		Mrs. *Corey.*

Attendants.

SCENE *Zama.*

SO-

SOPHONISBA:
OR,
Hannibal's Overthrow.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bostilcar, *Guards and Attendants.*

Han. COnquest with Laurels has our Arms adorn'd,
And *Rome* in Tears of Blood our Anger mourn'd.
Like Gods we past'd the rugged *Alpine* Hills
Melted our way, and drove our hissing Wheels
Through cloudy Deluges, eternal Rills.
What after Ages shall with pain believe,
Through burning Quarries did our Passage cleave;
Hurl'd dreadful Fire, and Vinegar infus'd,
Whose horrid Force the Nerves of Flints unlos'd:
Made Nature start to see us root up Rocks,
And open all the Adamantine Locks;
Shake off her massy Bars o'er Mountains spread,
Through Globes of Ice, and Flakes of solid Snow.
On our last Elephant, while we did sleep,
In *Arnus* foggy Fens and Marshes deep,
One Light we lost, for Carthage underwent
Wars tedious Toils, our Blood and Spirits spent,
And all the stock of Health which bounteous Nature lent.

Mah. But what Return has that slow City made?
Admir'd by Foes, you were by Friends betray'd.
While you abroad fam'd Battels bravely fought,
The Traitor *Hanno* your Destruction sought:
No Succours were for your Assistance meant;
For still to *Rome* Intelligence was sent.
That did the *Carthaginian* Strength declare,
Which way they past'd, and what their Numbers were:

Bost. By his Design your Brother's Death was wrought,
When he apart from you with *Nero* fought.
Too well that barbarous Statesman *Hanno* knew,
If Gallant *Asdrubal* should join with you,

The *Romans* could no hope of Safety have;
No Power on Earth could their loſt Empire ſave:
With wicked Policy he therefore try'd
Your two all-conquring Armies to divide.
How fatally did his curs'd Plots ſucceed?
When with your Brother all his Troops did bleed.
Han. Great Statesmen Kings ſhould watch while they em-
Left, what they build, thoſe underhand deſtroy. (ploy,
Nor has his ſeparating Chiefs been known
Only on Land, but on the Ocean ſhown:
Where Fleets divided, by cloſe practis'd Arts,
Have melted Womens Eyes, and Soldiers Hearts.
Bom. Now all the Fiends thoſe Traitors drag to Hell,
Who for Revenge, or Gold, their Country ſell.
Han. How wou'd the Slaves have quak'd, had they but ſeen
The Flights of *Trebia*, or of *Traſimen*,
Or dreadful *Canna*?
Where the dire Siſters bit the *Roman* Looms,
As if their Hands were tir'd with cutting Dooms.
Bom. Where fourſcore valiant Senators were kill'd,
The Blood of ſeventy thouſand Soldiers ſpill'd,
And great *Æmilius* Death our Conqueſt ſwell'd.
Han. When, all with Crimſon Slaughter cover'd o'er,
We urg'd our Horſes through a Flood of Gore,
Whilſt from the Battlements of Heaven's high Wall
Each God look'd down, and ſhook his awful Head,
Mourning to ſee ſo many thouſands fall,
And then look'd pale, to ſee us look ſo red.
Mah. That was a time worthy ſevereſt Fate,
When Victory on Hills of Heroes ſat,
And turn'd her Eyes, all blood ſhot, on the Fray,
And laugh'd, and clap'd her Wings, and bleſs'd the Day.
Han. And are we thus at laſt rewarded then?
Dare they review our Dangers with Diſdain?
Dull Counſellours, who only talk of Harm,
Sleep till high Noon, to coſtly Banquets ſwarm,
And with rich Wines drink their cold Spirits warm,
Inſtead of fighting *Scipio* let us haſte,
Set fire to *Carthage*, lay her Glories waſte;
Melt all their hoarded Treaſures down, and pour
Into their thirſty Throats the ſcalding Ore.
Bom. Go on, Great Sir; truſty Coffers burn,
their towring Pride to Deſolation turn.
Mah. How I ſhould laugh to ſee their Ermines ſmoak!
May ſulphurous Flames their gorged Vitals choak.
Han. Maherbal, ſtay; tho' *Carthage* us'd me ill,
Spite of my Wrongs, ſhe is my Country ſtill:

My

My Father, the great Master of our Arms,
(Who, while he gave me Life, heard loud Alarms)
Swore me *Rome's* Foe, when in my Age's Bud,
Wean'd me from Milk, and nurs'd me up in Blood
And taught me to be obstinately good:
Rome, the World's Giant Empress to invade,
Till her bright Fame should shrink into a Shade,
And all her golden Spires in Dust were laid.
Bom. Carthage, and *Rome*, which did so long divide
The troubl'd World, to prop their weighty Pride,
Will brook no more each other's mighty Sway,
The Gods to this or that must give the Day:
Since such Majestick Power to both is given,
As each might take up all the Care of Heav'n.
Mah. Besides the natural Hate to *Rome* you bear
With *Scipio*, Love obliges you to War,
Since *Rosalinda* is a Pris'ner there.
Heavens! shall he dare too keep your Love in Bands?
Beauty, like hers, Swords, Hands, and Heart commands.
Han. O! my *Maherbal*! thou wert always kind,
See'st all my Good, but to my Ills art blind:
Had I by thy Advice my Soldiers led,
Hot with their Joys, and striding o'er the Dead,
To *Rome*, to *Rome*, my Warrior —— But, 'tis lost;
That Hour, that did so many last Hours cost!
The Gods and Opportunity ride Post.
Melted at *Capua* I in Pleasures lay;
And for a Mistress gave the World away.
Mah. Grudge you the World? Cou'd I such Hearts subdue,
Were I great *Jove* himself, I'd give Heaven too.
But I am rough, and not for Woman made,
In Nature's coarsest mold by Fortune laid.
Han. Haste to the *Roman* Camp, *Bomilcar* fly.
Take Scouts along, unseen as Spirits pry,
And learn the Posture of the Enemy,
Learn, if thy Knowledge may so happy be,
Where *Rosalinda* mourns for Liberty;
Seek her as thou wou'dst Wreaths for Glories Toil,
As after Conquests thou'd seek for Spoil.

The SCENE *drawn, discovers a pleasant Grotto, King* Massiniffa, Massina, *and* Menander *sitting upon a Bank. Soft Musick is heard.*

K. *Mas.* Since Love, the brightest Jewel of a Crown,
That fires Ambition, and adorns Renown;
That with sweet Hopes does our harsh Pains beguile,
And midst the Javelins makes the Soldier smile;

Since

Since this great Trophy's loſt, quite loſt to me,
What wretched things muſt Fame and Empire be?
Men. Yet once your Soul was of another ſtrain,
And ſtill you talk'd how God like 'twas to Reign,
In myſtrick Empire to be plac'd alone;
And your Cheeks burn'd when you beheld a Throne;
Ev'n in your Nonage haughty were and bold,
And ſmiling would your Father's Sceptre hold,
And talk'd when young, how you would Rule when old.
K. *Maſ.* Ambition then I lov'd; but now abhor.
Maſ. What is Ambition, Sir?
K. *Maſ.* The Luſt of Power.
Like Glory, Boy, it licenſes to kill;
A ſtrong Temptation to do bravely ill;
A Bait to draw the Bold and Backward in,
The dear-bought Recompence of higheſt Sin:
For when to Death we make the Conquer'd yield,
What are we but the Murd'rers of the Field?
Men. In gallant Souls Ambition is no more
The Bawd of Empire, or the Luſt of Pow'r,
Than lawful Mirth is Lewdneſs in a Bride,
Or Neatneſs, in a Veſtal Virgin, Pride.
K. *Maſ.* Then be it ſo; you I will out no more,
Since Love has wrack'd me on the long'd-for Shore.
No, but I had a Soul cou'd Storms outwear,
Durſt againſt Rocks, or over Quick-ſands ſteer.
For Love, if *Venus* had like *Jove* bid,
I durſt as much as e'er *Alcides* did:
But I am loſt; nothing, *Maſſina*, now;
With Love's each Blaſt, I like a Bul-ruſh bow;
Am I not alter'd much of late?
Maſ. Alas!
You look like withet'd Flowers, or Mountain Graſs.
K. *Maſ.* O *Sophoniſba*, Oh!
Maſſ. Why ſigh's my Lord?
Speak, for I will revenge you with my Sword.
What cruel Vulture's this that tears your Breaſt?
Like feſter'd Wounds, it takes away your Reſt.
You will grow mad, I think, you watch all Night,
And with your Groans the croaking Ravens fright.
Who is it that theſe killing Griefs has wrought,
That bends your Brow, and turns you into Thought?
K. *Maſ.* My Sorrows load, alas! thou can'ſt not bear.
Maſſ. Think you my Soul is capable of Fear?
What is it, for your Sake I cou'd not bear?
K. *Maſ.* *Maſſina*, thou art all that I wou'd have;
There's nothing after thee, but a low Grave:

Obdurate

Obdurate ſtubborn Heart, ſtill wilt thou hold?
Obſerve me, Boy, when thou ſhalt ſee me cold,
Grown by my Death a longer Line of Woe,
Pale as wrong'd Lover's Ghoſts, that ſigh below;
Then learn to curſe the Author of my Fate.
Maſſ. What horrid Things are theſe, which you relate?
K. *Maſ.* Thee from thy Childhood I have train'd with care,
Pth' painful Diſcipline of tedious War:
In Mountains bred thee, and on barren Sands,
And led thee near the Sun, through high parch'd Lands;
Show'd thee to chaſe wild Boars upon the Heath,
And taught thy Infant Hands the Trade of Death.
When I by *Bocar* hotly was purſu'd,
And forc'd to plunge into the rapid Flood,
Thou leap'dſt in after me.
Maſſ. I did, my Lord.
But you forgot the Whirl-pool in the Ford;
Where, when I ſtruggl'd, and my Strength grew ſlack,
You daſh'd my Fate, and bore me on your Back:
So through the *Helleſpont Europa* rode,
Half dead with Fear, though mounted on a God.
K. *Maſ.* But, my *Maſſina*, there's one Danger more,
More dreadful than all thoſe we paſs'd before:
Vile Women.
Maſſ. Women, Sir, I oft have ſeen
Dancing with Timbrels on the Flowry Green,
Or like ſmall Clouds upon the Mountains brow;
But never thought they Thunder bore 'till now.
I know they are all black, have rowling Eyes,
Thick Lips, flat Noſes, Breaſts of mighty ſize.
K. *Maſ.* Thou never yet in ſhining Courts ha'ſt been;
Nor the fair part of Woman-kind ha'ſt ſeen,
Who cloſe in *Africk* Palaces reſide,
And from the injurious Sun their Faces hide:
To whom compar'd, theſe ſeem all hideous Night;
But thoſe, like *Cinthia*'s Silver Creſcent, bright.
Maſſ. Is it a Sin to be acquainted, Sir,
With thoſe white Maids, that are ſo fine and fair?
K. *Maſ.* Shun 'em *Maſſina*, as thou won'dſt thy Fate;
As things which by Antipathy we hate.
Not all the Horrors of a bloody War,
Not Lyons, Tygers, ſuch hid Fury bear:
Thoſe appear Monſters, but theſe ſeem all mild;
None ever yet deſtroy'd, but ſtill ſhe ſmil'd,
They are all Grief, when they appear all Joy;
Like Lightning, while they glitter, they deſtroy.

Lie

Lie down, ſweet Youth. A fair white Woman was
Of what thou ſee'ſt me now, the cruel Cauſe;
Though clear her Form appear'd, without one ſtain,
Bright as thoſe Bodies which o'er Darkneſs reign,
Her Soul is blacker than the Skin of *Moors*;
For Fraud with Beauty does her Lodging take.
Maſſ. Then Beauties Breaſt is like a bank of Flowers,
That fairly hides a foul and ugly Snake.
K. *Maſ.* There's not one ſafe, and fair: all Seas of Sin.
Shou'dſt thou be us'd, alas! as I have been,
'Twou'd make thee Gray; hear not my Story told,
Maſ Will Women, if they uſe me, make me Old?
K. *Maſ.* I had a Miſtreſs once,
For her I fought, and did her Cauſe maintain
Againſt the World, upon the lifted Plain:
The Gods to know with what obliging Smiles,
And bluſhing Joy, ſhe praiſ'd my mighty Toils:
And when to kiſs her Hand I bended low.
She made it meet my Lips, and preſt 'em too.
All this in Publick; but from ſight remov'd,
Fierce were our Joys, and with a looſe we lov'd.
Menan. You may remember, Sir, that I was by,
Call'd as a Witneſs to the ſecret Tye,
Thrice we invok'd the God of Marriage there,
With rich Sabean Scents perfum'd the Air,
And utter'd ſacred Vows, and binding prayer.
K. *Maſ.* When you were gone,
And none but I left with that charming Maid,
What furious Fires did my hot Nerves invade?
With open Arms upon my Bliſs I ran,
With pangs I graſp'd her, like a dying Man:
Like Light and Heat, incorporate we lay;
We bleſs'd the Night and curſs'd the coming Day.
Maſſ. Now as I love bright Arms, the Story's fine!
Tell it all Night, my Lord, the Stars will ſhine.
K. *Maſ.* Soon as the Birds did on the Morning call,
Her brighter Eyes a Show'r of Tears let fall:
Which in my panting Boſom trickl'd down,
She preſt me cloſe, and cry'd, muſt you be gone?
Then round my Neck her ſnowy Arms did twine,
She ſigh'd; but will you be for ever mine?
Will you be true? —— and then our Lips did joyn.
Maſſ. Kind, preſſy Heart.
K. *Maſ.* Her laſt Words were,
Hear me, ye Gods, may I be never bleſt,
If *Maſſiniſſa* be not in this Breaſt
The ſweeteſt, deareſt, everlaſting Gueſt.

Yet

Yet she, this fair, this soft deluding She,
Forgetting all her Vows, forgetting me!
While I for *Carthage* follow'd Wars Alarms,
Resign'd her self to anothers Arms.

Enter Lelius, *and* Varro.

Lel. At length he's found: Rise *Massinissa*, rise;
Shake off these Clouds that hang about your Eyes:
Glory's in view, and courts us with her Call,
New Storms of War like Hail around us fall.
Var. Fury, that sat at home, on Maffie Shields,
Now heaves 'em up, and ranges through the Fields;
With all her hundred Whips of Wire she comes,
And drives despairing Monarchs to their Tombs.
Lel. Syphax and *Asdrubal* their Forces joyn,
With Arms the Mountains and the Vallies shine:
Ha! what unwonted Charm your Soul enchains?
Is your high Blood congeal'd within your Veins,
That from the dusty Field you thus retire,
And seek cool Shades, when all the World's on Fire?
Var. Kings cast their Silks, and Armour make their Robe;
Instead of Lutes, shrill Trumpets charm the Globe;
Yet you from this great Race of Honour run,
Wave falling Palms, and courting Laurels shun:
Why shou'd you *Sophonisba*'s Loss bemoan,
When *Syphax*, who enjoys her, cries, Come on;
K. *Mas.* Ha! That the base Usurper did but dare
Meet me alone, without his Crowds of War!
Lel. If you die here so silently, you'll fall
As if Fate knew not of your Funeral:
And cens'ring Fame will say, when you are gone,
His Thread of Life was by a Woman spun.
But, *Varro*, we mistake; this is not he,
This is some Porer on Morality;
Some studious Youth, who does the Heav'ns survey,
And in dull Science fools his Life away.
K. *Mas.* Awake! Where hast thou been my drowsie Soul,
In *Lethe* steep'd, or freezing near the Pole?
I feel her now my benumb'd Limbs inspire,
My Spirits shoot, and dart, and mount up higher,
Like Sparks that scatter from a kindling Fire:
The Plots of Love inglorious are and dark,
Blindly he aims, and Night is all his Mark:
Like Day I'll dart him through and through; I will
To cure my Honour, I my Love will kill:
Kill her my self, cut piece-meal all her Charms,
War; how it sounds! away, to arms, to arms:

Let's

Let's go where the Illustrious *Scipio* calls;
I'll be the first shall scale proud *Carthage* Walls:
Wing'd with our Glory, come, my Friends, let's fly,
To conquer bravely, or as bravely die.

Lel. Spoke like your self; thus we our Homage pay;
So look'd *Achilles* when *Troy* lost the Day.

Var. Fierce and Majestick as young *Mars* you stand:
'Tis fit that Look this *Africk* should command.

K. *Maf.* As Lovers, big with Expectation, burn;
My Soul to Battel does all fiery turn:
Swift as the Gods, in haste out-strips the Wind,
And leaves the Coursers of the Day behind:
Yet stay; methinks I am uneasie still;
What real Pleasure can it be to kill?

Lel. Frail Prince! how wavering all his Actions be,
By Passions toss'd in Love's tempestuous Sea;
War fires the Brave.

K. *Maf.* Yet War contracts a Guilt;
And the Brave grieve when many Lives are spilt.
Love like a Monarch, merciful and young,
Shedding no Blood, effeminates the strong;
But War does like a Tyrant vex us more,
And breaks those Hearts, which Love did melt before.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Scipio, *K.* Mass. Maf. Menander, Lelius *and* Varro.

Scip. THE Scouts of *Hannibal*, have they survey'd the Camp?

Lel. Your Will exactly was obey'd.

Scip. I hear, my gallant Friend, and grieve to hear,
That you the Chains of *Sophonisba* wear;
In Glory's School you had the foremost Name,
Skill'd in the dark mysterious Book of Fame;
Did those worn Characters with pleasure read,
Which told the Stories of the mighty Dead:
But by this act of Softness you will drown
Those noble Parts, and forfeit your Renown;
Tyrant to all the Honour that you had,
Drunk with Love's Tears, with Smiles of Beauty mad.

K. *Maf.* I strove, Sir, by your great Atchievements taught,
To drive this Beauty from my lab'ring Thought;
But I as well to Heav'n might carry Wars,
And quench the Influence of our crosser Stars:

Like

Like those with fatal Fires she gilds my Way,
And leads me on, that I may farther stray.
Scip. Then I must angry grow, since you are frail,
And Corrosives apply, where Cordials fail;
To me prove Civil; for your self be Wise;
You have my Friendship, therefore I advise.
K. *Mas.* Mean you, my Lord, not *Sophonisba* love?
Scip. As she's the Foe of *Rome*, I disapprove
All Treaties with her: Shake her off in time,
Or against Honour you commit a Crime.
K. *Mas.* And wou'd you have me live:
Scip. When she is Dead:
Why should you wish her Life, that has betray'd
Both you and *Rome*? *Syphax*, whom I had wrought,
Her cunning Tongue to side with *Carthage* brought:
By Heaven I swear, if she my Captive be,
I'll use her as the *Romans* Enemy.
K. *Mas.* You'd have me shake her off and live; I'd know
Whether the Flesh you wear you can forego,
And be the same. Here, through my Bosom run
Your Sword; and when the bloody Deed is done,
When your Steel smoaks with my Heart's reeking Gore,
Bid me be well as e'er I was before.
Scip. You are resolv'd, it seems, to cross my Will:
But from a Friend I'll construe nothing ill.
K. *Mas.* O! then endure yet more, and let me speak,
Without some vent my lab'ring Heart will break:
'Tis as a Friend your Life, your Life I spare,
Not as you, more than King, *Rome*'s Consul are,
The far-fam'd *Scipio*, and God of War.
Can any Man that's brave,
His Mistress's Injuries with patience hear?
Let any other in your Cause appear,
And justifie the Words that you have said;
By the Immortal Powers, I'll strike him dead.

Lel. My Lord. { *As the King moves forward,* Lelius *lays his Hand on his Sword.*

Scip. Your gen'rous Temper, *Lelius*, hold;
He shall be better yet, to be more cold:
My Virtue all the Storms of Passion knows,
Has try'd its Calms, its wond'rous Ebbs and Flows.
Since a Request so small you can deny,
From greater Proofs how wou'd your Friendship fly?
K. *Mas.* Try me, my Lord, but any other Way,
Heavens! with what readiness would I obey!

While Blood kind Warmth does to theſe Limbs afford,
While I can ſhake a Spear, or wield a Sword,
You ſhall be ever *Maſſiniſſa*'s Lord:
Go on and wander the wide Ocean o'er,
Go ſail to ſome unhoſpitable Shoar,
Where dreadful Monſters guard the horrid Land;
Though down to Hell I ſink, at your Command
I'll throw my Body on the unary'd Sand:
Wou'd you have all the *Carthaginians* ſlain,
Or ſee their Cities level'd with the Plain?
With chearful Toil the Buſineſs ſhall be done,
Give me but *Sophoniſba* for my Crown.

Scip. To Conquer Enemies abroad's no more
Than every Tribune here has done before;
Search all the Army through, and find that one,
Who if I bid, the force of Fire dares ſhun,
Or will not from a Precipice leap down;
At my Command, *Lelius*, wou'd you refuſe
To dye?

Lel. My Fate for Empire I'd not loſe;
At thy Command, Temples and Shrines ſhou'd blaze;
I'd ſpoil their Gods, their Statues, Altars raze,
And with my Fury make 'em dread thee more,
Than I fear them when all their Thunders roar.

Scip. To Conquer Kingdoms, and on Scepters tread,
Is but to imitate great Heroes dead:
Shou'd you your Arms to the World's Limits bear,
The mighty *Alexander* pierc'd as far:
But if ungovern'd Paſſion you can bind,
And quench th' inglorious Ardour of your Mind,
Your Fame ſhall with that haughty Victors vie,
Which all the Eaſtern Beauties cou'd deſie:
If ſtill you are reſolv'd her Charms to truſt,
The World may truly term you raſh, unjuſt;
And when you periſh, ſay, he dy'd for Luſt.

K. Maſ. You tax me, Sir, with Crimes I do not know;
But urge me not too far; for I may grow
Beyond all limits, juſt Revenge purſue,
And, blinded by my Rage, let fly at you.

Scip. Unhand him, —— by the Gods your worſt I dare,
A ſingle Arm *Rome*'s Conſul cannot fear:
I ſhine above thee, like a Star fix'd higher,
Whom, though you cannot reach, you may admire.

K. Maſ. Like Meteors rather you falſe Glory take,
Whoſe ſhort-liv'd Blaze, low Earthly Vapours make:
Yet, ſince with fancy'd Fires you fill the Sky,
Shall not one Prince at your dread Aſpect dye?

Scip.

Scip. How have I err'd? Your Tryal's at an end;
Heaven! That I e'er should call this Man my Friend!
How cou'd my Soul so grossly be o'erseen?
From all Mankind wert thou selected then?
O! most ungrate! ill temper'd, barb'rous King,
No good did ever from this *Africk* spring.
Did I for this each *Roman* Friendship shun,
And to those Savage Arms for Refuge run?
When with the weighty Cares of War oppress'd,
Lean'd all my Troubles on that fullen breast;
Took no Petition, granted no Command,
But what was given by *Massina*'s Hand?
What Triumphs did I ever yet design,
Wherein your Glory might not equal shine?
Yet for a Woman, and a false One too,
Your Fame, your Faith, and Friendship you forego.
Still let the Great of Favourites beware;
They most deceive us, who most trusted are.
[*The Consul turns away.*

K. *Mas.* Stay, Consul, stay my Friend, my noble Lord,
Cou'd you then cast me off for one rash Word?
Forsake me ever? O! you never lov'd
Your *Massiniss*a, who cou'd be thus mov'd.
Go if you please, leave this ungrateful King,
This savage, barb'rous, indigested Thing.
What e'er my Passion did, shou'd pardon'd be,
For, I confess, you are a God to me.
Yet it had been more friendly and more kind,
Not to have met the Tempest of my Mind.

Scip. But was it possible in this our Strife,
That *Massiniss*a should attempt my Life?

K. *Mas.* Pronounce my Death, cut off these cursed Hands,
Send me to *Syphax*, bound with shameful Bands,
That I may all the subtlest Torments bear,
And after Death no more Reproaches hear.

Scip. By this return of Virtue, I am made
For ever yours —— Say, do I now upbraid?
Are these Reproaches?

K. *Mas.* O! ye Powers, look down,
And hear me swear by your eternal Throne.
Whatever this your Likeness sha l Command,
Though *Sophonisba* from my trembling Hand,
I will obey: —— or curse me where I stand.

Scip. As your first Trial strait to *Cirta* fly,
And perjur'd *Syphax* at his Gates defie.
Our Troops must Conquer when led on by you;
Chiefly his Wife endeavour to subdue:

Whoſe ſubtile working Wit wrought all this Care,
And with her beauteous Griefs renew'd the War.
K. *Maſ.* This Youth, my Kinſman, as a Pledge I leave;
My all, the darling of my Soul receive,
As I in War ſhall falſe or faithful be,
So may juſt Heav'n do both to him and me.
Maſſ. Ah! if I am that Darling of your Heart,
How can you leave me thus forlorn behind?
Take me along, or I ſhall thing 'twas Art
That made you ſeem ſo pitiful and kind.
K. *Maſ.* Now all the Gods thy precious Life defend,
Something that's Fatal ſure theſe Tears portend;
I was not us'd to Weep.
Scip. Nor muſt not now.
At your requeſt we will to *Zama* go;
From hence to *Zagrada* our Forces draw,
To try our Strength with deſp'rate *Hannibal*;
And keep that famous Conqueror in awe:
They talk'd of giving Laws i'th' Capitol.
K. *Maſ.* My Blood boils in my Veins and catches Fire;
Such Words, ſuch Courage, would the Dead inſpire:
Yes, we will Fight, my Lord, with *Hannibal*,
To bloody 'count his boaſted Valour call.
Scip. Like ſome vaſt ill built Tower, ſo high he grows,
His marble Front nods with each Blaſt that blows.
K. *Maſ.* Our Arms like Thunder levell'd at his Crown,
Shall all at once, hurl'd by our Rage, ruſh on,
And in a Moment roll his Glories down.
[*Manet* Maſſina *ſolus.*
Maſſ. Was ever Youth Unfortunate as I?
But I will be Reveng'd on him, and die.
Perhaps to loſe me in the Wars he fears,
As if my Soul did not out-go my Years.

Enter Roſalinda.

Roſ. I've 'ſcap'd with much ado the Tribune's Hands,
But 'tis the Conſul who muſt break my Bands,
And ſend me with a Paſs-port back —— Who's there?
What are you?
Maſſ Firſt inſtruct me what you are,
And how you came to be thus heav'nly Fair:
What is it makes your Cheeks ſo freſh and bright,
The red of Roſes, or the Lilly's white?
Roſ. Were you ne'er thus before?
Maſſ. I never knew
Such Agues in my Blood, and Fevers too.

Roſ

Ros. I'll leave you, Sir.
Mass. You cannot if you wou'd;
You may as eaſily forego your Blood:
Like that, I'll bluſhing creep about you ſtill,
And my ſick Thoughts with ſilent Pleaſures fill.
Ros. What is't you'd have?
Mass. Alas! I do not know;
Something there is which Nature will not ſhow:
When e'er you ſpeak, as at melodious Strains,
There's ſomething purls and trickles through my Veins;
Like Quick-ſilver it moves, ſo cold and faſt;
Then my Eyes twinkle as they'd look their laſt.
Ros. It ſhews like Love; but in its birth deſtroy
A Paſſion which ſcarce pity can enjoy.
Mass. Perhaps you think me Born of Common Race;
But Royal Blood does my high Lineage grace:
Ah! do not then put out this harmleſs Flame,
Since from your Eyes the tingling Torment came.
Ros. In vain your Paſſion's Ardour you alledge,
The Fort's impregnable, break up your Seige;
No Force, nor Art can the leaſt Out-work win,
There's one for you too Mighty enter'd in:
The haughtieſt, braveſt, foremoſt Man on Earth,
Who from the Blood of God, derives his Birth.
Mass. To his immortal Kindred leave him then;
You may be better plac'd with Blood of Men.
Beſides, who knows but his Divinity,
As Gods will ſometimes very forward be,
May chance take pet as you in Love engage,
And Thunder you to pieces in his Rage?
Ros. 'Tis true, in War moſt dreadful he appears,
All Cruel, Glorious; Dangers thick he wears:
Not to amuſe you, when you have nam'd all
That's Great and Lovely, think on *Hannibal*.
Mass. Is't poſſible!
In Age can Beauty ought that's lovely 'ſpy?
Can Dreams of Glory waking Youth ſupply?
Ros. Tho' his Blood mov'd like freezing Currents flow,
Where his Head whiter than the *Alpine* Snow,
My Youth his Age into one Piece ſhould grow.
Mass. All you have ſaid, I know, in jeſt was ſpoke;
What ſhould you do with ſuch a ſapleſs Oak?
When a young pleaſant Vine ſo near you ſtands,
And bows with all his Cluſters to your Hands.
Ros. Honour to Youth and Beauty I prefer,
I'm for the beſt and braveſt Man in War;

And ſince the World knows none ſo Great as he,
None elſe ſhall Lord of my Affections be:
In ſhorter Joys let other Maids delight,
Thoſe tranſitory Pleaſures of a Night;
But I more laſting Happineſs deſign:
In my Illuſtrious Warriour's Heart to ſhine,
And have my Name on his high Tomb engrav'd,
This, this is ſhe who *Hannibal* enſlav'd.

Maſſ. Though I no dawn of Comfort can deſcry,
Yet in this hopeleſs Love I will engage,
And every Thought of Royalty caſt by,
Through all the World attend you as your Page:
For all my Pains I will not beg one Kiſs,
That were to wrong your mighty Man of War;
Give a kind Look, and I will prize the Bliſs
Above thoſe Hopes which the Ambitious bear.

Roſ. Since then you are reſolv'd a while to wait,
As your firſt Task, ſhew me the Conſul ſtraight:
My Beauty like a Comet ſhall ariſe,
That Temperate Lord of Nations to ſurprize,
I'll Thunder in his Ears, and Lighten in his Eye.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *The* Carthaginian *Camp.*

Hannibal *is diſcover'd in his Tent, ſitting at a Table with Lights.*

Han. How great's the Care, the Toil, and ling'ring Pain
That racks a General's Breaſt, and breaks his Brain!
Argus a hundred Lights had, I but one,
Yet all the Day 'tis buſie as the Sun;
And all the Night as watchful as the Moon.
When ſhall I ſleep from Noiſe and Buſineſs freed?
'Tis huſh'd, but Beauty Buſineſs does ſucceed:
Beauty which *Jove* cou'd draw from Heav'ns high Tower,
When Nymphs in Groves his Godhead ſtoop'd t' adore;
So much he lov'd Delight, above Almighty Power:
In his deep Blood the ſoft Contagion ran,
Staining his Son, that vaſt Immortal Man,
The Great *Alcides*; who a Diſtaff made
Of that huge Club, which Nations could invade;
Wou'd in his Miſtreſs Glaſs kind Looks deviſe,
Leſs'ning the Glories of his God-like Eyes,
And tun'd his mighty Voice to tender Cries.
Since Gods themſelves, and God-like Men have lov'd,
Why ſhould not I with Beauty's Charms be mov'd?
The higheſt Power has Love's blind Mazes trod;
Then *Hannibal* love on, and imitate a God.

Enter

Enter Bomilcar

Bomilcar here? So ſuddenly return'd?
You look as if your Journey you had mourn'd.
Bom. My Lord, we were diſcover'd.
Han. Ha! How then?
Was your loſt Freedom given you agen?
Bom. The gen'rous Conſul knowing who we were,
Commanded us to diſſipate our Fear:
Then to his Officers gave ſtrict Command,
To let us take a view of every Band;
But ſuch brave Men, and ſuch ſtrict Diſcipline!
Han. You ſpeak, *Bomilcar*, as you knew not mine.
Bom. My Lord, your Pardon, if I ſay, theſe Eyes
Ne'er yet beheld ſuch gallant Enemies.
When we had ſeen what might leſs Spirits damp,
He generouſly diſmis'd us from the Camp.
Han. This Civil Brav'ry has oblig'd me ſo,
I ſhall to Battel with half fury go;
Doubts enter here, which yet my Breaſt ne'er felt:
Doubts beget Fears, and Fears my Courage melt.
But of my Love, Couſin, you nothing ſaid;
Is ſhe alive? How I that Anſwer dread!
Or is it poſſible ſhe can be dead?
Bom. Though in the Search our utmoſt Wit eſſay'd,
We nought cou'd hear of that Illuſtrious Maid.
Han. Perhaps his Heart, for Temp'rance ſo Renown'd,
From her all-conquering Eyes might take a Wound,
And now he keeps her cloſe: which ſhould he dare,
With Fire and Sword we'll carry on the War.
Yes, we will inſtantly our *Bodies* joyn:
The Wold's at ſtake, let it be his or mine.
Bom. Throw boldly at the Sum which the Gods ſet;
A hundred thouſand Lives at once are met,
That on your ſide with all their Fortunes bet.

Enter Maherbal.

Mah. Come forth, my Lord, haſte from your Tent, behold
Sights that may chill the fiery, daunt the bold;
Shrill Trumpets Eccho through the Arch of Heaven,
Battels proclaim'd, and bloody Signals giv'n:
Two Suns their gawdy Chariots Curtains furl,
And at each other brandiſh'd Lightning hurl;
Red Bolts ruſh flaming through a Bloody Sky.
Wounding the Air, vaſt pointed Splinters fly,
Immortal Spirits drop down, and ſeem to die.

A Hoſt of Heavenly Warriours bright and gay,
Appointed ſtand, and ready for the fray:
In Golden Arms their ſhining Chiefs appear,
Helmets and Shields of Diamonds they wear,
And Spears, with Stars of value ſet, they bear.
Han. The end of all things ſure is drawing nigh.
Mah. Through the void place ſwift Darts obliquely fly;
Black ſwarthy Demons hold a hollow Cloud,
And with long Thunder-bolts they drum aloud;
Their Trumpets all with Sun-beams are inlay'd,
Where dreadful Sounds by fiery Breath are made;
Mountains are buried in the Womb of Earth,
A Grave they find where firſt they had their Birth;
Our Houſhold Gods ſweat as they ſtand, and all
Your Garlands from their Temples untouch'd fall.
A Wolf but now, his Jaws all bloodied o're,
And by his ſide a Savage foaming Boar,
Your Out-guards fac'd, and ſlaughter there began
Nor ſtop'd they, but through all the Army ran;
'Till ſatiated with Blood, the Monſters fled,
Vaniſh'd from ſight, and in dark Foreſts hid;
Han. Lead to the place from whence we may deſcry,
Theſe dreadful Prodigies that fill the Sky.
Command our Prieſts a Sacrifice prepare,
T' appeaſe the angry Demons of the Air. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *drawn, diſcovers a Heaven of Blood, two Suns, Spirits in Battle, Arrows ſhot to and fro in the Air; Cries of yielding Perſons, &c. Cries of* Carthage *is fallen,* Carthage, *&c.*

Re-enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. What mean the Gods by theſe phantaſtick forms?
And unprovok'd, why do they raiſe ſuch ſtorms?
Mah. When dreadful Prodigies like theſe appear,
The ſure deſtruction of ſome State is near.
Our General's mov'd, his angry Looks dart fire,
And noble rage does his griev'd Soul inſpire.
Han. Can this be true? Anſwer ye Powers Divine,
Shall in our Death the *Roman* Glory ſhine?
Has Fate our ruine fix'd? Is it decreed,
That *Carthage* fall, and *Hannibal* muſt bleed?
Yet with unſhaken Souls our doom we'll wait,
And periſh bravely though unfortunate:
Yes, ye malicious Powers, this *Hannibal*,
Whom you untimely to deſtruction call.
Still what he was, ſhall like a Soldier fall.

Let

Let *Hanno* ſhiver in the Arms of Death;
But loud Reports ſhall wait our parting Breath:
We'll drown the talking Gods with our laſt cry,
And Earth ſhall thunder back upon the Sky. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Roman *Camp.*

Enter Scipio, Lelius, *Attendants*, Farro, *Guard.*

Scip. 'Tis ſtrange that we no News from *Cirta* hear;
No Soldier thence?

Lel. None, Sir, does yet appear.

Scip. 'Twere fit ſome Tribune with our Horſe ſhould go,
And the Intents of *Maſſiniſſa* know.

Enter Roſalinda, *and* Maſſina.

Roſ. Where is the General? By your Majeſty,
And auguſt Garb, you ſhould the Conſul be:
If ſuch, you are, I charge you ſet me free.

Scip. Your ſtrict Commands are told in ſuch a way,
The Conſul doubts whether he ſhould obey;
Nor know I, Fair One, what, or whoſe you are,
Wrongfully held, or Priſoner of War.

Roſ. By right or wrong, when Beauty pleads like mine
'Tis fit you ſtraight my Liberty enjoyn;
To keep me here againſt my Will, is wrong,
Since I to *Hannibal* the Great belong:
Dare you detain what's his?

Scip. We all things dare,
But would not willingly offend the Fair;
None ſhall preſume your Freedom to deny,
If with the Gift we may your Friendſhip buy.

Roſ. My Friendſhip? No; to Death I hate you all,
All that bear Arms againſt my *Hannibal*;
A Man ſo great, I, though a *Roman* born,
Can for his ſake, my Friends, my Country ſcorn;
Who drives the braveſt of you from the Field,
As I in Cities make all Beauties yield.
Rome! ſhe's not fit, though ſhe her Head lay down,
To be his Foot-ſtool, when he mounts a Throne.

Scip. My yet unſhaken Soul, with Virtue bound,
No force of War, or Love cou'd ever wound:
But *Mars* and *Cupid* now at once appear,
And ſtrike me with an Object fierce and fair.

How

How her Eyes ſhine? what killing Fires they dart!
And all within I feel the fatal Smart.
Away with her, ſhe is a Sorcereſs, go.
Maſſ. Stay, ſtay, my Lord, remember ſhe's your Foe;
Beſides I love her! and if ſhe depart,
Or ſuffer any Wrong, 'twill break my Heart.
By all thoſe noble Promiſes you made, [*Kneels.*
When *Aſdrubal* in *Spain* before you fled,
And I your Priſoner was, you lov'd me then,
With Gold and Jewels ſent me home again,
And hung about my Neck a Diamond Chain.
Scip. At your Requeſt, ſhe ſhall not go, but ſtay
With me.
Maſſ. With you? Diſpatch her, Sir, away;
A Rival in my Love I cannot bear:
Love Toys, my Lord, below your Greatneſs are,
They'll take you off the Buſineſs of the War.
Scip. Tho' War uſurp the Day, Love claims the Night,
At leaſt we'll try this am'rous new Delight.
Maſſ. Yes, you may try, but ne'er can pleaſe like me;
You'll ſtill be Dreaming, Sir, of Victory,
Of ſtorming Forts, and digging Trenches deep,
And call for Arms, and break your Miſtreſs's ſleep.
Roſ. The ſerious Trifles of your Love adjourn;
For know I view you both with equal Scorn.
O! mighty *Hannibal!* thou all Divine,
This loyal Heart ſhall never be but thine;
How little theſe compar'd to thee? how low?
Scip. Trophies as great, and Conqueſts we can ſhow,
Noble as thoſe which his fam'd Arms adorn,
From as dire Dangers Victory hath torn.
Roſ. 'Tis true, ſome Glory you atchiev'd in *Spain*,
And *Carthaginia* by Surprize did gain;
For your late Conqueſt poorly did conſpire,
Pretending Peace, you ſet the Camp on Fire:
Yet you will loudly Talk of *Roman* Fame,
When all your Eagles Dove-like flew ſo tame:
But *Hannibal* with Noiſe to War proceeds,
Makes the World ſtart at his unequal'd Deeds;
He like ſome rolling Whale, who as he laves,
With his bright Armory gilds all the Waves;
Daſhes the frighted Nations from his ſide,
That pale and ſcaming Furies far off ride,
O'er all the wat'ry Region does command,
The Ocean's Lord, and Tyrant of the Land:
While your tame Legions, like the ſmaller Fry,
Glide ſilent on, and only twinkle by.

Scip.

Scip. Take her, *Massina* bear her from my Tent,
To Freedom, Chains, or Death, or Banishment:
Bear her where I may never see her more.
[Massina *leads her off.*

She's gone, and now I am as heretofore,
My panting Heart with Thirst of Glory burns;
Fame flies before, and beck'ning Fortune turns,
Bevers and Bucklers, Swords and Massie Shields,
And all the wonted Objects Fancy yields,
Black Hills, and dusty Plains, and bloody Fields.

Enter Maherbal.

What art thou? 'Tis the Consul speaks.
Mah. From *Hannibal* I come with you to treat,
E'er Fortune half the frighted World defeat:
The Grace which for his Spies you did command,
He thanks you for: But with his Sword in Hand;
He who ne'er yet a Parley wish'd with *Rome*,
Since War is to the dreadful upshot come,
Would hold Discourse with you of the Earth's Doom.
Scip. 'Tis granted; where's the Place?
Mah. On *Zama*'s Plain,
Attended only with five hundred Men;
Soon as the Morn's first Blushes shall appear,
Expect the Terrour of your Armies there. [*Exit.*
Scip. Would it were done, the great Decision made;
Rome Crown'd, and in the Dust great *Carthage* laid.

Enter Trebellius.

Treb. Laurels, and all the Trophies Conquest yields,
Colours and Standards, bought with Blood in Fields,
King *Massiniss'a* does to *Scipio* send,
His God-like Master, and his War-like Friend.
Scip. Relate in brief the Progress of his Arms.
Treb. Soon as King *Syphax* heard our dread Alarms,
He sent some Troops of Horse abroad to scout,
Which were by equal Numbers put to rout.
Urg'd with Despair, and by his charming Wife,
Whose Beauty has been fatal to his Life,
He came in Person forth, to end the Strife.
Our Battels join'd, and fiercely it was fought;
'Till to the last Extreams our Troops were brought;
When *Massiniss'a* more than Man appear'd,
And with his overflowing Valour clear'd
Those mighty Odds, which first our Soldiers fear'd.
Scip Some wond'rous Act of Fortitude was shown,
Which could resettle Troops half overthrown.

Treb

Treb. Where e'er our General turn'd Death mark'd his [Look,
And whom he Ey'd, with his cold Arrow ſtrook;
Like ſome vaſt Flame he made his glorious Way,
And all about him Deſolation lay.
Syphax, whoſe Name he made to Heav'n reſound,
With Cries of ecchoing Joys at laſt he found,
Trembling, though with his Guards encompaſs'd round;
Swift as Revenge could dart, he on him flew,
Whom from his Horſe with his Hands force he drew,
And pierc'd his Heart in both the Armies View:
Which ſeen, with one Conſent the Soldiers fled,
As if all Hopes were with their Monarch dead.

Scip. Cirta ſhould after ſuch a Loſs, in courſe,
Surrender to the Victor's dreaded Force.

Treb. It did, Great Sir: To *Maſſiniſſa* now
The graveſt Lords with willing Homage bow;
Where, as I did amongſt the foremoſt ride,
'Twas wiſh'd the Queen might prove the Victor's Bride.

Scip. I rather wiſh thou cou'd'ſt not Conqueſt boaſt,
And that the King were with the Rascal loſt.
To *Cirta*, *Lelius*, inſtantly repair,
And make that ſubtile Queen our Priſoner:
If *Maſſiniſſa* ſhould oppoſe you, ſay,
'Tis my Command, who ſwore you to obey. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, *and* Bomilcar.

Han. My *Roſalinda* free'd, and in my Tent?
But wherefore was that Stranger with her ſent?
Thou ha'ſt a Tempeſt rais'd within my Mind;
Speak, was this Youth ſo fair, and ſhe ſo kind?

Bom. Your *Roſalinda*'s Beauty did appear
Bright as Noon-day; all piercing, ſprightly clear:
But he who led her ſeem'd ſo Soft and Young,
As if that Pity handed Love along;
And Tears his bluſhing Cheeks did ſo adorn,
Methought the Sun came uſher'd by the Morn.

Han. Ceaſe thy unwelcome Praiſe; what did ſhe ſay?

Bom. That ſhe wou'd there for your Appearance ſtay:
I bow'd and went, but being Curious grown,
I ſtoop'd a while, to mark that fair Unknown:
When ſhe, with languiſhing Intreaties, ſaid,
Is this your Love? Shall I not be obey'd?
Be gone, be gone, if *Hannibal* ſhould come,
And but ſuſpect, Death were a certain Doom.

Han. Peace, Harbinger of Fate; with Ravens dwell,
Thy Tale at Midnight to the Dying tell:

Oh!

Oh! it has pierc'd me like a poiſon'd Dart,
Which by Degrees infects the Blood and Heart;
And now it higher mounts, divides my Head,
Where, like a Plague, its pointed Venoms ſpread,
My Brain ten thouſand various Tortures turn;
Now Agues chill me, and now Fevers burn.
Oh! *Roſalinda*, falſe, ungrateful Maid,
Am I for loſs of Glory thus repaid?
But let's away, to my Pavilion lead;
That Raviſher of all my Hopes ſhall bleed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Roſalinda *and* Maſſina.

Roſ. Why will you ſtay? If you did ever Love,
Let me conjure you, from this Place remove.
Maſſ. Permit me as your menial Servant ſtay,
And near your Perſon ſigh my Life away:
Is that ſo much?
Roſ. It cannot, muſt not be,
That you ſhould idly ſpend your Hours with me:
You, like the Golden Planet of the Day,
Should as you riſe, all Glorious, ſet all Gay;
A generous Pity does my Heart ſubdue,
Which bids you now Eternally adieu.
Maſſ. Say, your Diſdain—Alas! how can I part?
Methinks I go as if I had no Heart:
But ſince you are reſolv'd it muſt be ſo,
Near to ſome murmuring Brook I'll lay me down;
Whoſe Waters, if they ſhould too ſhallow flow,
My Tears ſhall ſwell 'em up that I will drown.

Enter Hannibal, Bomilcar, Aſper.

Roſ. Maſſina, ſtay; I ſtrictly charge you Live,
Han. Not Heav'n, nor Earth can grant him a Reprieve,
Since *Hannibal* has vow'd that he ſhall die:
Bomilcar bind him, bind him inſtantly:
Falſe *Roſalinda*!——Bear him from my ſight,
And ſhade his Beauties with Eternal Night.
Is it for this at laſt we meet again?
Wou'd you had ſtill the Conſul's Captive been.
Roſ. Oh! *Hannibal*, can you reſiſt my Tears?
What Change is this your ſtormy Temper wears?
He ſhall not die, *Bomilcar*, *Aſper*, ſtay,
'Tis I Command you; dare you diſobey?
Han. Be gone, he dies who liſtens to her Pray'r;
Pull off his Bracelets, let him Shackles wear,
With Fetters fret his ſoft and ſupple Skin;
Too light a Penance for ſo foul a Sin.
[Maſſina *is taken away.*

Roſ. If *Roſalinda* yet has any part
Left in that cruel, yet renowned Heart,
This Strangers Freedom inſtantly enjoyn.
And you ſhall ever be the Lord of mine.
Han. How dar'ſt thou plead for him, falſe as you are?
Falſer, if poſſible, than thou art Fair:
In his Behalf no Interceſſion make,
His Torments ſhall be doubled for thy Sake.
Roſ. Henceforth wrong'd Innocence from Courts retreat,
Thou beſt, but rare Companion of the Great:
Since thus abus'd, ah! viſit them no more,
But reſt thy Sorrows at ſome Shepherd's Door.
Han. Oh Guilt! can'ſt thou to Innocence appeal,
Who to this Youth ſuch Kindneſs did reveal?
Roſ. If Pity Kindneſs be, I was moſt kind,
Who all my Softneſs to his Griefs reſign'd;
And what but marble Hearts could ſee him mourn,
Yet ſo much Sweetneſs with ſuch Sorrows ſcorn?
Han. Pity like yours that does ſo ſwiftly move,
Is the Fore-runner of approaching Love.
Roſ. Unworthy of the Honour you poſſeſs;
My Paſſion's great, wou'd I con'd make it leſs:
Know, moſt Unjuſt and Jealous, therefore vain,
For Jealouſie's great Weakneſs in Great Men;
My conſtant Soul did for thy Glory wave,
The Rich, the Young, the Beautiful and Brave.
My Charms the cold and temp'rate Conſul felt,
Whilſt Beauties Beams did fiercely on him play:
The Froſt, which long had bound his Heart, did melt,
And Love, like Sun ſhine, thaw'd his Ice away.
Han. Your Looks, methinks, have quite another Air;
Nor doubt I but your Beauty has been try'd,
So faint Loves Colours in your Face appear,
Like Silks that loſe their Gloſs by being dy'd.
Roſ. That *Scipio*, nor this Prince, whom cruel you
Have bound, con'd nothing on my Heart prevail,
Is as Heav'ns high Decree moſt juſtly true;
And I am Innocent, as thou art frail.
Han. Alas! 'twas Innocence to ſay, *Be gone,*
If Hannibal ſhou'd but ſuſpect, you're dead!
Roſ Compaſſion for a Love I could not own,
Urg'd me to ſpeak; what you have heard, was ſaid;
Therefore releaſe him inſtantly from Bands,
And yield him ſafe into the Conſul's Hands,
Without Delays or murm'ring free him ſtrait;
Or may your Lawrels never more be green,
Nor may your Arms in War be fortunate,
Nor *Roſalinda*, but with Frowns be ſeen. *Han.*

Han. Stay, Madam,—Haſte, the Captive Prince unbind.
My Heart to others rough, the Soldier's Crime,
As Rocks to Seas, or ſtubborn Oaks to Wind,
Shall bow to you, as thoſe muſt yield to Time:
Forgive my Temper, harden'd with the Steel,
In which I ſtood almoſt Immortal Man,
'Till Love let fall a Blow, that made me reel,
And pointed Beauty through my Armour ran:
Can you forgive the Rudeneſs of my Mind?
Roſ. Foregoe your Jealouſie, and I'll be kind.

Enter Maſſina *unbound.*

Han. May a raſh Man, wrong'd Prince, your Pardon crave?
Maſſ. No, Sir, my Pardon you ſhall never have;
For know I hate thee on a double Score,
Much for thy Love, more for Tyrannick Pow'r:
Princes who have like me Diſhonour'd been,
Should bluſh to be Diſhonour'd ſo agen.
Fall, die, diſpatch, to Fortune's Malice bow,
Thy Royal Uncle would not own thee now.
Life proffer'd with the World, I wou'd not take;
Yet I could live for *Roſalinda*'s ſake:
Speak *Hannibal*, wilt thou thy Share reſign?
Roſ. He may, but I can never part with mine.
Maſſ. How, never?
Roſ. Never.
Maſſ. O! unkind hard Heart.
Love when he ſhot me, ſure miſtook his Dart;
Or chang'd with Death, whoſe quick deſtroying Shaft
Thus drinks my Blood, thus with a full deep Draught.
[*ſtabs himſelf.*
Roſ. Hold, cruel Prince; the Dagger from him wreſt.
Han. Too late, alas! I drew it from his Breaſt.
Roſ. What have you done?
Maſſ. Only my Body drain'd.
Of that ſick Blood, which *Hannibal* had ſtain'd:
What leſs than Death could I to Honour give?
And Love neglected charg'd me not to live.
Now you may take him, take him to you all,
This cruel, haughty, happy *Hannibal*.
Han. The Buſ'neſs of our Life's a ſenſeleſs Thing;
Why burns th' ambitious Man to be a King?
Or to what purpoſe does the Warriour call
For Arms? Or Gown-men buſtle in the Hall?
Sport for the Gods, they whirl us here and there,
As Boys blow wat'ry Bubbles in the Air.
My Help!

Maſſ. Ah! let me not be touch'd by thee,
If Foes may capable of Pity be.
Your *Roſalinda* ſeize, and with her fly
To Golden Beds; embrace her faſt, while I
Within my dark and dufty Dungeon lie. [*Dies.*
Han. Crouds of ill-boding Thoughts my Soul diſmay.
His Body to the *Roman* Camp convey,
Hears'd in a mourning Chariot ſoftly tread,
And look ſo ſad that they may think you dead.
[*They bear off the Body.*

Roſ. This your Suſpicion of my Honour was:
See the Effects where Jealouſie's the Cauſe.
Ah cruel Victor, I cou'd curſe thee now;
Wiſh all thy Lawrels blaſted on thy Brow.
Love ſickens with this Deed, my Tranſports fade,
Would we were both in Earths low Cavern laid,
Curtain'd with ſhady Horrows, where the Sun
And Stars their fiery Courſes never run,
But all the Buſineſs of the World is done. [*Exit.*
Han. Oh! that my Heart, her future State could find:
Know to what Good or Ill this Life's deſign'd.
Prudence againſt ſuch Knowledge may adviſe:
But who of all Mankind was always wiſe?
For the great Secret to the Gods I'll go;
And if they fail me, fathom for't below.
Though hid by Fate under a thouſand Rocks,
And drag it up by the dark jetty Locks.
Let it as ghaſtly as a *Gorgon* come,
Stiff with the View, I will out-gaze my Doom.

SCENE, *The City of* Cirta.

Enter King Maſſiniſſa, *and* Menander.

[*Trumpets ſound a lofty march.*

K. *Maſ.* Was ever Victory ſo ſwiftly won?
We ſcarce had leiſure to demand the Town:
Their Gates were open'd with ſuch Haſte and Fear,
As if our conquering Swords enchanted were.
Men. Syphax, the great Uſurper of your Throne,
Is to revenging Furies downwards gone:
In Hell's low Valleys grown the darkeſt Weed.
And feels the Stings that make Ambition bleed.
K. *Maſ.* Straight to the Palace bid our Forces turn,
Where *Sophoniſba* does her Loſſes mourn.
We'll viſit that forſworn illuſtrious Fair,
To let her ſee how unconcern'd we are. *Men.*

Men. Since you have promis'd that you would forſake,
Why ſhould your Virtue needleſs Trials make?
Love, tho' ſcarce warm, within your Boſom pent,
Fann'd with her kindling Sighs, may get a Vent:
Like Heat which ſtifled in ſome cloſer ſpace,
If any Air gets in, fires all the place.

K. *Maſ.* Dar'ſt thou ſuſpect? I ſay, it cannot be:
Has Air, or its wing'd Rangers Liberty?
Looſe like the Wind, as the wide Ocean free,
My enlarg'd Soul rolls wantonly along,
Can hear unmov'd the warbling *Syren*'s Song;
Braving her Eyes, her Falſhood I'll upbraid,
For thoſe rude Wrongs ſhe on my Virtue laid.

Men. Your Majeſty beſt knows what's fit to chuſe;
I humbly offer'd what you may refuſe.

K. *Maſ.* Perhaps my preſent Rage I may not keep;
For ſhe has words would make the Cruel weep;
And Charms as powerful as *Circe*'s Wiles;
As raviſh'd Virgins Sighs, or Infants Smiles.
But I more blind with Rage than ſhe with Tears,
Maugre the Cunning which her Sorrow wears,
Her Hopes will laugh at, and deſpiſe her Fears.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Enter Sophonisba, Rezambe *and* Merna, &c.

Soph. Rome and the World againſt my Life combine;
Methinks I'm ſtill a Queen whilſt this is mine.
Though *Maſſiniſſa* has the King o'erthrown,
And his Victorious Troops poſſeſs the Town;
Yet *Sophonisba* is, and ſhall be free,
Spight of the frighted Senators Decree.
They bluſh to ſee this Life ſo glorious ſhine;
And fear their Eagles Eyes ſhould dazl'd be with mine.
Merna, if I have ought from thee deſerv'd,
Be grateful thus, and thou haſt nobly ſerv'd.

Mer. Not for the World.

Soph. Rezambe, thou art brave,
Strike, and the *Carthaginian* Glory ſave.
How will the Juſt, the Valiant, and the Wiſe,
Extol thy Virtue, and thy Courage prize?
Who durſt the Softneſs of thy Sex forego,
And free thy Country with one deſperate Blow;
A Deed that will even *Hannibal* out-do.

Rez. Rather than I would live to ſee thoſe Hands,
Which Kings have kiſs'd, fetter'd with *Roman* Bands;

That Body like a Pageant wretch adorn'd,
Gracing the Victor's wheels your Greatneſs ſcorn'd:
Rather than this endure, by all that's Good,
I'd bathe this Dagger in your Life's warm Flood,
'Till the Haft reek'd with your Hearts Royal Blood.

Soph. O! Thou moſt noble Martial worthy Maid,
If by thy Eyes my Soul could be ſurvey'd,
Thou would'ſt believe what cannot be expreſt,
How dear thou art to *Sophoniſba*'s Breaſt.
Thy Voice, like ſad, but pleaſing Muſick flew;
Like dying Swans, 'twas ſweet and fatal too.
Now ſtrike, and bravely act thy Tragick Part:
Juſt here, ſtrike through and through this wretched Heart.

Rex. Death's our laſt remedy, as 'tis the worſt:
'Tis fit you try the Victor's mercy firſt.
Prince *Maſſiniſſa* lov'd you once; who knows
But the ſame Paſſion in his Boſom glows?
Blow it into a Flame; try all your Charms;
Love laughs at brandiſh'd Swords, and glittering Arms.

Mer. Never was Man like *Maſſiniſſa* kind;
By Nature mild, and amarouſly inclin'd.
Not vanquiſh'd *Syphax* dying fell ſo low,
As this charm'd Prince will to your Beauty bow.

Rex. Imputed Treachery you ought to clear;
Let Guilt ſhrink back, and Innocence appear:
I'll hide the Ponyard in my Robe; if he
Dooms you a Slave, this gives you Liberty.

Soph. When Breach of Faith joyn'd Hearts does diſ-ingage
The calmeſt Temper turns to wildeſt Rage:
He thinks me falſe, though I have been moſt true;
And thinking ſo, what may his Fury do?

Rex. His Trumpets Clangors make the Palace ring;
Here wait your Fate, and this Victorious King.

Enter King Maſſiniſſa, Menander, *Attendants.*

K. *Maſſ.* Madam I come to tell you that you are
No more a Queen, but Priſoner of War.
The King, whoſe loſs 'tis probable you grieve,
To whoſe lov'd Memory thoſe Tears you give,
For Judgment is to Heav'ns Tribunal gone;
And I now come to claim my Father's Throne.
You in the War have been unfortunate;
Not but your Cauſe deſerv'd a better Fate.

Soph. Of Empire's Joys to you a Gift I make,
More willingly than I did ever take.
Freely as ever *Syphax* made it mine,
To *Maſſiniſſa* I my Crown reſign.

K. *Maſ.*

K. *Maſ.* Not as your gift; Crowns I ſhould then deſpiſe.
But as my Right by Birth and Valour's Prize,
My Father *Galla*'s Diadem I'll bear,
And all the Royalties of *Cirta* wear.
Soph. Theſe Springs of Grief Unkindneſs now ſupplies,
K. *Maſ.* *Syphax* deſerv'd that Tribute from your Eyes.
Soph. There is a Cauſe more worthy of theſe Tears.
K. *Maſ.* More worthy? what, than *Syphax*? for your ſake,
Did he not Fame and Empire Victims make,
Giving Love over-meaſure; when at laſt,
He threw his Life up for you as a Caſt?
Soph. If what I ſpeak might kindly be receiv'd —
But Miſery can never be believ'd.
K. *Maſ.* Not you believ'd! O Gods, is it clear Day?
So manifeſt are all things that you ſay.
Not you believ'd! what hardned Infidel
Shall dare to doubt the Oracles you tell?
Soph. I will, when ſorrow ſhall permit me, ſpeak;
But ſure my Heart muſt with unkindneſs break.
K. *Maſ.* 'Tis poſſible; yet, Madam, e'er I go,
Expreſs your Will, for I have much to do:
My Men I have not plac'd; my Father's Throne
We have not fill'd; I muſt, I muſt be gone.
Menander, do we Triumph?
Men. Bravely, Sir;
All like your ſelf, and more than Conquerour.
Rex. Merna, we're loſt: with a haughty Scorn
He turns away, and ſmiles to ſee her Mourn!
Soph. Are you not *Maſſiniſſa* call'd?
K. *Maſ.* I am.
Soph. Have you not heard of *Sophoniſba*'s Name?
She who unmov'd your high diſdain endures;
Yet *Sophoniſba* who was always yours,
K. *Maſ.* Oh Heavens!
Soph. Whom waſting Cares did all the day devour,
Who watch'd all Night, counting each tedious hour:
And never found that there were Joys in Power.
K. *Maſ.* Ha! *Sophoniſba*! yes I knew her well,
That Angel fair, and lov'd her e'er ſhe fell.
Oh! *Sophoniſba*, had'ſt thou but a Mind
Half beauteous as the Caſe where 'tis enſhrin'd,
Thou wert —but ſhe is dangerous to name:
My Reaſon's ſnatch'd by my tempeſtuous Flame.
Menander help—
Or I ſhall ſink in the Abyſs of Thought,
My Vows, my Friendſhip, Glory, all forgot:

As

As when we launch into the Sea, the Land
Goes backward, with the Trees, and all the neighbouring [Strand.

Men. Be gone, my Lord, you're ruin'd if you ſtay.

K. *Maſ.* What, from the Vanquiſh'd ſhall we run away?

Men. Still there's ſome hopes, ſince at her Name he ſhook,
And now he eyes her with a kindling Look.

Ren. With that laſt Glance methought Love ſhot him there

K. *Maſ.* Yes, Madam, this is *Maſſiniſſa* here;
I am (to thy Confuſion be it known)
A walking Grave with Sorrows overgrown,
With rooted Cares, and every baneful Weed,
That nightly Watchings and pale Troubles breed.
Once I was free from theſe, and flouriſh'd fair,
Like a tall Tree I bloſſom'd in the Air;
My chearful Friends like Birds about me ſung;
Free from the Charms of thy deceitful Tongue,
And ripening Hopes blooming around me hung.
'Till thou, fair Murd'reſs, did'ſt like Lightning fall,
And blaſted Bloſſoms, Branches, Root and all.

Soph. O! *Maſſiniſſa*, hear I this from thee?

K. *Maſ.* 'Tis equally a Truth from him or me,
Or any here—why, Madam, not from me?
But if my Preſence ſhould a Trouble prove,
I will for ever from your ſight remove.

Soph. Stay, *Maſſiniſſa*, ſtay, my Life, my Soul;
Why do your Eyes with ſuch ſtrange Motion roll?
Your Fury in this Heart that loves you hide.

K. *Maſ.* Where does the Searcher of the Soul reſide,
Who through blind tracks finds out a Woman's Heart?
Loe here's a bar, a ſtop to all his Art,
Who wou'd not ſwear that ſuch a Love was true?

Soph. Do I not love you? by the Gods I do.

K. *Maſ.* Oh thou Diſſembler? once this would have done;
But all thy practis'd Wiles at laſt are known.
Juſt ſo ſhe talk'd, and ſo ſhe wept before,
And with that beauteous honeſt Look ſhe ſwore:
Gods! if I ſtay, I ſhall believe again;
Farewel thou greateſt Pleaſure, greateſt Pain.

Soph. By all our Loves, this cannot, muſt not be,
Thoſe cruel words cou'd not be meant to me.
To me, who love you with a Heart entire,
A Flame more laſting than the Veſtal's fire;
To me, who am indeed all one Deſire.
Ah, Prince, thy Love is all my Light and Health,
The Treaſure I would hoard, my only Wealth:
Take not that from me.

K. *Maſ.*

K. *Maſ.* 'Tis but vain Delay.
Soph. Unkindly urg'd; why do you turn away? [*Kneels.*
You ſhall not go, 'till you have left me dead;
My Tears 'till now were never vainly ſhed.
Oh hear my Sighs, my Vows, ye Powers above.
If any Power like me could ever love.
Let looſe your fires, and thaw his frozen Heart;
And thou, dread God of Love, try every Dart.
You ſhannot ſtir.
K. *Maſ.* What means this riſing Flood? [*Weeps.*
Soph. Nature will ſtart at ſuch Ingratitude:
Revenge on after Ages this Diſgrace,
And only Monſters make of Humane Race;
Inhumane thou.
K. *Maſ.* She ſhall not; yet ſhe ſhall;
She graſps my Heart, and cries, ſhe'll have it all.
'Tis ſo, her Eyes reſiſtleſs Magick bear:
Angels I ſee, and Gods are dancing there.
Riſe, Madam, riſe; each Sigh, each ſoft'ning Glance,
Lulls my loud Wrongs; I'm hush'd and in a Trance.
Mon. His Sighs flow from him with ſo ſtrong a Gale,
As if his Soul would through his Lips exhale.
Soph. Cou'd you be thus? on your poor Miſtreſs frown?
What was my fault, alas! What have I done?
K. *Maſ.* Nothing; why, nothing; only this thou art,
My Life, my Soul, my Spirits, Blood, and Heart.
Whoſe Hands leaſt thrilling touch does pleaſe above
The very Act of any other Love.
Gods, how ſhe charms! none ſure was e'er like thee:
Nor wild as I; Storms borrow rage of me,
But thou art ſoft, and ſweet, and ſilent all,
As births of Roſes, or as bloſſoms fall.
Soph. This Roſe that ſticks ſo near your Heart will fade,
When planted by your hand in Death's cold ſhade,
K. *Maſ.* By mine, Not Savages would harm thy breaſt;
On whoſe refreſhing Pillows *Jove* might reſt,
And with Immortal ſweets be ever bleſt.
So fair, 'tis well thou art not faithful too;
I cou'd not bear my bliſs, if thou wert true.
Soph. Think me not falſe, though I did *Syphax* wed,
Who ever was a ſtranger to my Bed.
Forc'd by my Father's poſitive Command,
I muſt confeſs I ſuffer'd him my hand:
Heaven curſe me if I ever granted more;
Cou'd I be his, having been yours before?
K. *Maſ.* Why do ye ſtop? ſtill as a ſtatue low
I ſtand, nor ſhall the wind preſume to blow.

Speak,

Speak, and it ſhall be Night: not one ſhall dare
To ſigh, though on the Rack he tortur'd were,
Nor for his Soul whiſper a dying Prayer.
Soph. Make your love long, and let it burn leſs faſt:
Theſe ſudden Raptures are too hot to laſt.
K. *Maſ.* Right, Madam; long if we ſuch Joys ſhould feel,
The furious Tranſports of delight would kill.
Menander to the Temple led away,
By my clear Fame this is our Marriage day.
Soph. Your Fame does far above all cenſure ſit,
Free from the taunts of low repining Wit.
Kings though they err, ſhould never be arraign'd;
But if I yield, my Glory will be ſtain'd.
What will the World report of ſuch a Bride,
Who marry'd the ſame day her Husband dy'd?
K. *Maſ.* Since *Scipio* is your mortal Enemy,
It muſt be ſo upon neceſſity.
Who yet will not moleſt you being mine.
Soph. Then to the Gods let me my Breath reſign,
K. *Maſ.* Can you conſent, rather than be me Wife,
To hazard Honour, Liberty, and Life?
Soph. But, Sir, ———
K. *Maſ.* But, Madam, ſay what you can ſay,
You ought not, muſt not, and I cannot ſtay,
One Minute more caſts both our Lives away.
Soph. Know, mighty Prince, I was, and am the ſame,
And though the World this act may juſtly blame,
I will be yours, and in that way you name.
But firſt, by all the Gods and Glory, ſwear,
Rather than yield me up *Rome*'s Priſoner,
That you ſome fatal Token will preſent,
To free me from inglorious Puniſhment.
K. *Maſ.* I ſwear by Heaven, by Glory, and by Arms,
By ſomething more, by your own Conquering Charms,
You ſhall be ever from the *Romans* free;
Or I by Death will give you liberty:
Soph. Now lead me where you pleaſe.
K. *Maſ.* A taſte of Bliſs.
The God of Marriage ſeal our Vows with this; [*Kiſſes her.*
Nectar, and Flames, the Sweets of *Hibla* grow,
About her Lips ambroſial Odours flow.
Let melancholy Monarchs Counſel take,
Wed by advice, and ſullen Nuptials make;
But I prefer what thus my Arms infold,
To all the Wealth that Earth or Seas can hold,
To Rocks of Diamonds, or to Hills of Gold.

Spight

Spight of proud *Rome*, and all her haughty Meen,
She was my Miſtreſs, and ſhall be my Queen.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Bellona's *Temple*.

An Altar is ſhown, with a Soldier lying upon it, arm'd all but his Head: Aglave, Cumana, ſtanding each upon a Tripos, with Daggers in their right Hands, and Cenſers in their Left.

Agla. E'ER we our ſolemn Rites begin,
The ſacred Cavern purge from Sin:
About the dreadful Altar go;
About it Incantations blow.
Cum. The dire Oblation thus we drain,
And with his Blood our Temples ſtain:
The Screech-Owl warns us with her Note,
Strike your dagger in his Throat:
Gaſh him deep, and ſuck his Blood;
Prepare his frighted Ghoſt a ſhrowd.
Agla. Riſe ye, Sulph'rous Flames, ariſe;
Conſume the baleful Sacrifice:
That of his Aſhes we may take,
And clotted Cinders with 'em rake,
And Viands for *Bellona* make.
Cum. Our Goddeſs ſmil'd; 'tis done; 'tis done;
The *Romans* have the Battle won:
From yonder Battlement of Heav'n,
I ſaw the *Carthaginians* driv'n.
They fly, they fly: The Conſul there
Purſues 'em through long tracks of Air:
He puts their General to rout;
And drives 'em like a Storm about.
Agla. Our Goddeſs ſhall have Death enough;
Her Shrine with fat of thouſands ſtuff;
With goary Heads her Altar fill:
And Tuns of Blood upon 'em ſpill.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Cum. But loe, who comes? what, what are theſe,
That pry into our Myſteries?
Speak, ſpeak, *Aglave*; I'll be gone,
Their Buſineſs know, I'll come anon:
The Fit of Procephy's come on.

Our

Our Goddeſs does the Tunnel wind,
And ſacred Horrors ſwell my Mind, [*Exit.*

Agla. What are you? And what is it you would know?

Han. Men call me *Hannibal*, *Rome*'s dreadful Foe:
Who after many Battels loſt and won,
Reſolve to periſh, or my Conqueſt crown.
One Day the World's great Empire muſt decide;
But, what the Gods and that great Day provide,
We wiſh to know, who dare the worſt abide.

Agla. Cumana to the ſacred Tunnel cleaves,
Her Breaſt enlarg'd, the Goddeſs now receives,
And now ſhe rages like a *Bacchanal*,
With Fury's acted, rends the holy Veil:
Full of the Deity, about ſhe roams,
Stares, gapes, and on the hallow'd Curtain foams:
Cuts her hot Fleſh, grovels upon the Ground,
Sings, dances, kicks the golden Tripods round.

Enter Cumana *ſcratching her Face, ſtabbing a Dagger into her Arms: Spirits following her.*

Sings.

Beneath the Poplar's Shadow lay me;
No raging Fires will there diſmay me:
Near ſome ſilver Current lying,
Under ſleepy Poppies dying.
I ſwell, and am bigger than Typhon *e'er was;*
With a ſtrong Band of Braſs, O bind me about:
Leſt my Body ſhould burſt, for the Secret to paſs,
And a Vent being given, the Fury get out.
I cannot, I will not be vex'd any longer;
While I rage, I grow weak, and the Goddeſs grows ſtronger.

She ſpeaks.

If *Hannibal* to *Zama* tend,
His Valour *Scipio* ſhall commend.
And near *Bagrada*, on the Plain,
There ſhall be thouſand *Romans* ſlain.
Thou with thy old *Italian* Band
Shalt put the Conſul to a ſtand.

Sings.

Hark, hark, the Drums rattle,
Dub a dub to the Battle.
Tarara ra, Tarara ra the Trumpets too rattle.
Now, now they come on, and pell mell they mingle.
What ruſling and huſling;
And Splinters of Lances with broken Arms jingle,

Gold

Gold Trappings, bright Bevers, Swords, Bucklers and Daggers?
The ſtout Man flies on, and the faint-hearted ſtaggers.

See, the Saddle-Girts burſt,
And the General's unhors'd;
But he rallies agen,
And brings up his Men,
Spight of Fortune and Fate,
And the Gods that oppoſe;
He hacks, and he hews,
Through the Hearts of his Foes.

Ceaſe, Goddeſs, ceaſe, thy Servant to torment;
My Lungs are with Prophetick Fury ſpent.
The ſtrugling Fates within my Boſom turn,
And heavenly Fires my trembling Heart-ſtrings burn.
When will thy Godhead let me reſt,
Too mighty for a mortal Breaſt?
Agla. Cumana, to a Period haſte:
You ſhall have Eaſe when you have done;
And ſweet refreſhing Slumbers taſte,
Upon the Borders of the Moon.

A Dance of Spirits.

Cum. Lo afar off the curs'd *Bythinian* Band,
A poyſon'd General rules upon the Sand.
Gods, how he ſmells! How bloated is his Look!
Death from the Pummel of his Sword he took. [*Exit.*
Han. Shall *Romans* fall by *Carthaginians* Swords,
And *Carthage* ſink? What mean theſe myſtick Words?
A fooliſh Bard as much as this might tell;
Or a white Witch, without the aid of Hell.
More I muſt know; ſpeak *Roſalinda's* Doom:
Let all the Loſſes of a Barrel come,
May *Scipio* in the Duſt our Glory ſoil,
We'll bear the Frowns of *Mars*, if *Cupid* ſmile.
Agla. Too curious Mortal, ſeek not what once known,
May ſnatch your Sleep, and make you ever groan.
Your Fate crowds back, and would not come in View;
Do not too far th' unwilling Gods purſue:
Like one, who raſhly dare give Spirits chace,
They fly a while to ſome dark ruin'd Place,
Through Caverns run, through Cloyſters dodg him round,
Or dance before him over *Fairy* Ground;
'Till urg'd too far, a Face all pale and ſad,
Turns quick upon him, and the Fool runs mad.

Bom. Let's go, my Lord; I am not us'd to fear,
And yet, methinks, I dread to tarry here.
Mah. Heaps of the Slain I often have beheld,
And with my Battle-ax have Hundreds fell'd;
Yet here I'm ſhaken, th' Object's too funeſt,
I'd rather ſee a Javelin at my Breaſt.
Han. Aglave, by your Goddeſs Arms I ſwear,
We will not from the ſacred Cavern ſtir,
'Till you have clear'd my Doubts; though every Star
At your dread Call ſtart from his flaming Sphere;
Though from her Orb, cloſe mantled in a Cloud,
The Moon ſlide down to wander in this Wood;
Though with your Charms the Sun diſſolve in Blood:
Fathom the depth of Deſtiny below,
And all the Terrors of your Magick ſhow.
Agla. Beneath thoſe burthen'd Branches ſtand,
Safe from the Spirit I command.
Ariſe, appear, thou whom his Soul does love,
His Heart with Viſionary Horrors move.

Roſalinda *riſes in a Chair, Pale, with a Wound on her Breaſt; two* Cupids *deſcend, and hang weeping over her.*

Han. Shall *Roſalinda* then untimely die?
'Tis falſe; and all theſe damn'd Deceivers lie.
Facing thy Fate, with my Sword drawn I'll ſtand,
Back'd with my Conquering old *Italian* Band,
With the ſame haughty Fierceneſs ruſhing on,
Which the *Saguntin*'s City thunder'd down:
Like *Troy*'s young Hero;
Who, while the World about him did admire,
His Father bore through Night, Death, Blood and Fire,
Spight of oppoſing Hell, and War's worſt Harms;
So I will bear my Love upon my Arms.
Bom. To Horſe, my Lord; and leave this curſed Place:
Let's go, and inſtantly the Conſul Face.
Mah. No more in this damn'd Sorcereſs confide;
Permit my Sword her Body to divide:
Or from her Corps cut her in enchanted Head,
And her black Brains upon the Altar ſhed.
Han. We'll go, *Maherbal*, with to Morrow's Dawn,
On the vaſt Plain our Squadrons ſhall be drawn:
Yet for ſome Minutes Battle ſhall decline;
We'll ſee this Conſul e'er our Bodies join:
And if on equal Terms a Peace may be,
For *Carthage* take I'll court my Enemy.

Bom.

Bom. 'Tis juſt you ſhould Deliberation take,
With Caution deal, and manage the laſt Stake.
Mah. Your Armies are the Cards which both muſt play;
At leaſt come off a Saver if you may.
Han. But like *Sol*'s Offſpring, ſwell'd with dangerous Fires,
He to the Management of all aſpires:
Alone the Scepter of the World would ſway,
Alone would rule the Heav'n, and drive the Day.
Like that indulgent God, I'll firſt adviſe;
Shew him the Tracks through which Ambition flies;
If deaf to all, let him aſcend the Throne,
Snatching at Glories which muſt weigh him down;
Like *Jove* we'll toſs him from his gliſtering Chair,
Sing'd in the Clounds, hiſſing through liquid Air,
And dart him headlong like a falling Star.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Scipio, *meeting* Lelius *diſarm'd*; Varro, Trebellius.

Scip. Lelius return'd! and ſad! Tell the *Event*.
Lel. Too late, my Lord, I was to *Cirta* ſent;
For e'er ſome thouſand Paces got from hence,
I *Maſſiniſſa* met, that wretched Prince:
Not as I us'd, arm'd with a Warriour's Grace,
Like *Mars* when thund'ring on the Plains of *Thrace*:
But in a Chariot drawn by Milk-white Steeds,
Like ſoft *Adonis* driving through the *Meads*;
And *Sophonisba* leaning on his Breaſt,
Like *Venus* with her wanton Huntſman bleſt.
Scip. Are theſe his Vows? Some new way we muſt try;
Rather than live Diſhonour'd, he ſhall die.
Lel. Soon as the Tyrant *Syphax* was o'erthrown,
With Menaces he forc'd the frighted Town:
Which enter'd, ſtraight he to the Palace flew,
Forgetting all his Vows, he lov'd anew;
The Conquer'd did the Conqueror ſubdue.
In ſhort, her Tears, and Beauty won ſo far,
In View of all the World he married her.
They are arriv'd, and now upon the Plain;
In a Pavilion Royal do remain.
Scip. Trebellius, go, this ſubtile Charmer bring:
Take all our Guards t' aſſiſt againſt the King:
And ſay that we'll attend him in his Tent;
But firſt expect the Queen be Priſoner ſent:
Tell him, ſhe is the *Roman*'s Foe; and ſhall
A Sacrifice for Blood of Thouſands, fall.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter King Maſſiniſſa, Sophonisba.

K. *Maſ.* Let him arm all his Pow'r againſt this Breaſt,
My Heart unmov'd ſhall ſtand the mighty Teſt.
What I have ſworn ſhall like thy Virtue laſt;
I'll hold thee to me as my Heart-ſtrings faſt.
Thou Soul of Love! all charming Excellence!
Whoſe very Look drives ſtormy Troubles hence,
Does all the Bleſſings of the Gods diſpence.
Why doſt thou tremble? let not ſawcy Fear,
Make thy Heart pant, or cauſe thee ſhed a Tear.

Soph. Alas, my Lord, 'twere better I were dead,
In my cold Grave ſafe from theſe Troubles laid:
Rather ten thouſand Racks let me endure,
Than once be brought into the *Roman* Pow'r.
'Tis true, that you have deeply ſworn you wou'd
Defend me,

K. *Maſ.* To my Heart's laſt drop of Blood;
Or may I by ſome Coward mangled lie:
And Dogs and Vultures tear me as I die.
The Tygreſs will revenge her raviſh'd Young,
'Midſt Darts, and Spears, and Javelins ruſh along:
The Clown, ſo low and ignorant of Fame,
Will venture Life to ſave his ſwarthy Dame:
And ſhall not I for thee waſte all this Blood,
Thou ſofteſt Bleſſings, and the ſweeteſt Good?

Soph. I know not what the Gods for you intend;
But 'tis moſt certain I am near my End:
Not that Death's darkeſt Horror I can fear;
But Bondage is a Load I cannot bear.

K. *Maſ.* Quit all thoſe Fancies that diſturb thy Reſt,
And caſt thy Melancholy on this Breaſt.
This Heart is ever thine.

Soph. O my lov'd Lord.
If you ſhou'd break——but you will keep your Word,
Keep all your Oaths; yet Heaven and you know beſt,
Some ſurfeit with their Love, as on a Feaſt,
And then they loath when once they're ſatiated.
But you'll remember me when I am dead.
From theſe dear Eyes to endleſs Shades remov'd,
None e'er will love you ſure as I have lov'd.

Enter Trebellius.

Treb. Guards wait without.——My Lord, you muſt reſign
The Queen, whom I have order to confine.

K. *Maſ.*

K. *Maſ.* Touch her not for thy Life, but ſtraight retire:
Safer thou may'ſt with Thunder play, kiſs Fire,
Grapple with Death, a Peſtilence invade,
With all his fatal Purple Pomp array'd.

Trebellius goes to ſeize her, Maſſiniſſa *kills him.*

Treb. Cut off in my full Growth! curſe on your Strife;
To die thus, when I Buſineſs had for Life!
Juſt *Scipio* will revenge my Death, beware!
I feel I'm going, though I know not where. [*Dies.*

K. *Maſ.* Nought but thy Blood cou'd waſh thy Guilt away.
Who durſt the Rancour of thy Heart diſplay,
And fully with rude Hands the faireſt Piece
That the Gods ever drew. Your Troubles ceaſe:
I'm in; and now no hope of Safety's nigh,
Yet ſtill a King, we will unended die.
Like a brave Merchant,
Who when his long-toſs'd loaded Veſſel hits
Againſt ſome Rock, and with loud Horror ſplits;
Firſt graſps one Casket which does all contain,
Then fearleſs, ſhoots himſelf into the Main:
So I with thee, my only Wealth, my All,
Amidſt the numerous Slain at laſt muſt fall.
The Noiſe comes near: Heare ſafe retire from View;
Glory and Love ſhall teach us what to do.

Enter Scipio, Lelius, Varro, *Guards.*

Lel. Trebellius ſlain! and in a Woman's Cauſe!
Shame to our Arms, Diſgrace to Honour's Laws.
What Flames of Miſchief from this Spark might riſe?
'Tis juſt with Rigour you his Fault chaſtiſe.
Scip. Yet *Maſſiniſſa*, thou ſhalt dearly buy
Thy ill got Love, and fatal Gallantry.
Curſe on its wanton Ways, baſk in her Charms;
By *Mars* ſhe is a Victim to our Arms.

King Maſſiniſſa *ſeats him.*

K. *Maſ.* Your high Diſpleaſure in your Face I ſpy:
When the great *Scipio* frowns, great Danger's nigh.
The Fact I muſt confeſs done in Defence
Of Beauty wrong'd, and helpleſs Innocence.
Scip. Where is that fair Incendiary fled?
E'er to extreameſt Rigour we proceed,
I ſtrictly charge thee bring her forth to bleed:

Or on thy Perſon I will Vengeance take;
And thou ſhalt periſh for thy Miſtreſs's Sake.
K. *Maſ.* With greedy Joy I offer you my Life,
If by the Gods you'll ſwear to free my Wife.
Scip. You ſhall not for her Sake have leave to die;
Nor will I give her Life or Liberty.
For *Rome*, not for your ſake, this War was wag'd.
You only as a Voluntier engag'd:
Therefore whatever Towns or Captives, fall
Into your Hands, they are the *Romans* all.
K. *Maſ.* Then thus I draw; think it not Inſolence,
For it's not meant, Sir, in my own Defence;
But to preſerve a ſacred Innocence.
From their bright Thrones perhaps the Gods will glide,
And range themſelves in Battle on my ſide:
Beneath a Cauſe ſo juſt I cannot fall;
I, and the Gods, will fight it with you all.
Scip. Thou deem'ſt thy Luſt an Action great and good;
Death ought to cool this Fever in thy Blood.
With me contending, againſt Fate you ſtrive,
Yet I will Pity ſhew; take him alive.
K. *Maſ.* Ingloriouſly you have a Conqueſt made,
That Breaſt my thin'rous Arm durſt not invade.
My Heart, though prompted by her powerful Charms,
Fainted before the Maſter of my Arms,
Nor ſhall you yet my Soul's lov'd Treaſure reach,
My Body thus dams up the narrow Breach:
And he who dares———
Raſhly on this forbidden Earth to tread,
I'll graſp his Soul, I'll ſpurn him to the Dead.

Trumpets within, enter Menander.

Scip. What means this mournful Noiſe, whoſe tragick [Sound,
With ſolemn Horror does my Thoughts confound?
Men. O ſacred Sir.
Scip. What, Soldier, all in Tears?
Men. Sorrow her ſelf cloſe Mourner now appears:
The Prince *Maſſiniſſa* ſlain: ſee blaſted there,
The Hopes you lov'd, the Darling of the War.
That beauteous Captive who with you did treat,
He to the *Carthaginian* Camp did wait:
Where *Hannibal* of's Beauty jealous grown,
Caſt him in Bands; but when his Birth was known,
As ſoon unbound, but then Diſpair did move,
Diſpair of Glory, and diſpair of Love:

Which

Which when the Royal Youth had rashly weigh'd,
And Fate with murmuring Thoughts a while delay'd;
A Poyard from his Robe unmark'd he took,
And to his Heart the deadly Weapon strook.
Scip. Behold, of furious Love the dire Event!
Yet *Massiniſſa*, wilt thou not repent?
Behold the Pledge you left, for your Default,
By Heavens high Justice to Perdition brought.
K. *Maſ.* Was ever Man thus wretched, and durſt live?
Yet will I not one Tear to Nature give;
Left Bankrupt-like I laviſh what's not mine,
Since all my Stock of Sorrow, Love, is thine.
Scip. Remove the Prince's Body from his Sight,
Left too much Grief ſhould to Diſtraction fright.
Yet if thou'lt bring her forth we will forget
This daring Raſhneſs, which is Paſſion's Heat;
Thy Glory with freſh Laurels we'll advance,
And with due Praiſe thy valiant Acts inhance:
Thy Pile of Honour this Right Hand ſhall build.
Why doſt thou weep?
K. *Maſ.* Becauſe I dare not yield:
No, Sir, my Love I never can betray,
Though you have touch'd me in the nobleſt way.
Scip. Canſt thou both Promiſes and Threats refuſe?
K. *Maſ.* Death, or what's worſe, you only bid me chuſe.
Scip. Bring forth thy Love, and Life thou ſhalt enjoy.
K. *Maſ.* Is that a Life? Your purpoſe act; deſtroy:
Turn all your Javelins Points againſt this Breaſt;
But let it not of Love be diſpoſſeſs'd.
Scip. Muſt I, who can command, thus vainly ſue?
K. *Maſ.* My ſtubborn Heart Death only can ſubdue.
Scip. Then take Death which you ſo little dread.

Enter Sophonisba.

Soph. Stay, Tyrant, hold; firſt thou ſhalt ſtrike me dead:
Come on, with thy brave Sword rip up my Breaſt,
And fix thy panting Heart on thy proud Creſt;
There let it hang, thy Valour's Trophy grown,
To all the wond'ring World let it be ſhown:
That none but Fools the Conqueſt may deplore,
While all the Brave admire the Conquerour.
A Conquerour ſo great, with one ſole Blow,
He cou'd even *Hercules* himſelf out-do.
O Heavens! he durſt attempt, (what ſhall I ſay?
What Words his Heart's fierce Grandeur can diſplay?)
In Heat of Blood he durſt a Woman ſlay!

Scip.

Scip. When Ladies rail, a Soldier should be mute:
Besides, I have no leisure to dispute.
As *Helen* did to *Troy* Perdition bring,
Where e'er you come, your Eyes Destruction fling.
When will your thirsty Charms with Blood be cloy'd?
Two Kings you have like that fair *Greek* destroy'd:
Spight of your Pride, you shall to *Rome* be led;
And there, for all your Witchcrafts, lose your Head.

Soph. On with thy Threats, thy violent Course pursue,
Enjoy thy bloody Wishes, Tyger, do;
Barbarian, for in *Rome* thou wert not born;
By such a Wretch her Glories are not worn,
Unless when dress'd up to be Sacrific'd:
To thee, the *Moors* and *Getbs* are civilis'd:
Gorge thy self, *Satan*, make my Flesh thy Food,
And laugh when thou art drunk with a Queens Blood.

K. *Maſ.* All will be well; fair Excellence, retire;
Add not fresh Fuel to the dying Fire.

Soph. To you, and Heaven, my Heart must ever bow;
Consul, with thee I am not angry now.

Scip. Observe, ungovern'd Prince, with how much ease
This Royal Foe we, if we would, might seize;
Yet, on your promise that she shall not go,
'Till we the Fate of War at Zama know,
We will permit her in your Tent remain:
But oh, my Friend, break this inglorious Chain,
Contrive some meane to keep your Faith with me;
And set your Heart from that curst'd Charmer free. [Exeunt.

K. *Maſ.* O rigid Honour, must we separate then!
Lose all the Sweets of Life to purchase Pain!

Mem. If she were dead, your Glory were secure.

K. *Maſ.* But could I then this wretched Life endure?
Without her live? it's fatal to refuse,
And Glory ruines me if Love I chuse.
What help, *Menander*?

Men. 'Tis the Sport of Heav'n,
When Ships on Rocks are in the Harbour driv'n;
Having through dreadful stormy Dangers past,
In prospect of your Bliss, you're wrack'd at last.

K. *Maſ.* Like one, who having 'scap'd the Waves, arrives
To some lone Rock, and there more wretched lives;
Half famish'd, on the rugged Flint he stands,
Viewing with wat'ry Eyes the distant Strands,
And past his call, Men walking on the Lands:
With Sighs he swells the Wind; and looking round,
Mourns his sad choice, or to be starv'd or drown'd.

[Exeunt.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Hannibal *and* Scipio.

Han. ART thou the Chief whom Men fam'd *Scipio* call?
Scip. Art thou the much more famous *Hannibal*?
Han. Since by our partial Fate it is ordain'd,
That I, who have such dreadful Battels gain'd,
That, Torrent like, which from some Mountain falls,
Ran from the cloudy Alps, to *Rome*'s proud Walls,
Should now at last for Peace inglorious sue?
I thank the Gods that they have chosen you
To reap that Honour by this Interview.
Scip. In civil Praise, and from so brave a Foe,
True Courage does a sense of Pleasure show:
Thy Words inspire me with such vast Delight,
'Twill scarce be more to vanquish thee in Fight.
Han. 'Twas much the Gods to our Fore-fathers gave,
That you should *Italy*, we *Africk* have.
Our *Africk* Arms much *Roman* Blood have spilt,
And *Carthage* has the *Roman* Fury felt:
What say'st thou, *Scipio*, is it Peace or War?
Th' Invasion made by us we will repair:
We'll give you *Cicily*, *Sardinia*, *Spain*,
And all the Islands which our Arms did gain,
'Twixt *Italy* and *Africk*, on the Main.
Thy boyling Courage does to War inclline,
And Glory more than Profit you design,
Such Fortune once did on our Genius shine:
But long Experience, and the Chance of War,
Makes me at present certain Peace prefer.
Grasp not at Scepters, which may turn to Rods;
To Day is yours, to Morrow is the Gods.
Scip. That your late Landing upon *Leptis* Coast,
Restor'd those Hopes which drooping *Carthage* lost,
All must confess; we know you are that Man,
Whose Glory to the utmost *Thule* ran;
Born in a Winters Camp, in Battels bred,
Whilst yet a Stripling durst an Army head,
Whose very Name could make the *Romans* mourn,
And forc'd dead Groans from every hollow Urn:
The boldest Senators began to droop;
Yet when all fainted, I alone stood up.

And

And fac'd that Storm which threaten'd from afar;
Shot Warmth, and rose upon 'em like a Star:
To *Africk* came, and in few Months retriev'd
All that your Arms for many Years atchiev'd.
Peace I refuse, unless you offer more:
You give nought yet but what was ours before.
Since all the Neighbour Kings our Actions eye,
It rests at last we should our Fortune try;
Let one Victorious be, the other die.

Han. Gods, that the glorious *Hannibal* should bow
To be refus'd! It shall be Battel now.
Forgetful Hero, could'st thou court the Son,
Twice by whose Force his Father was overthrown?
Scipio, thou may'st too late repent thy Pride,
And vainly in thy Death this Fury chide.
On *Fabius* think, *Rome*'s Shield, her Guard from Harms;
Her Sword, *Marcellus*, broken by my Arms:
Remember great *Emilius* slain by me:
And then think last what may thy Fortune be,
E'er yet the Day be done,
With Seas of Gore we'll drown the neighbouring Wood;
And yonder Sun shall set in *Roman* Blood.

Scip. Prepare to hear thy last, thy last Alarms.

Han. In Battel we shall meet: To Arms, to Arms.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Rosalinda *in Man's Apparel.*

Ros. Thus dress'd, and with this Warlike Weapon drawn,
What hinders but an Army I lead on?
O! cruel Nature, why did'st thou disgrace
So brave a Spirit with a Female Face?
All Women wou'd, but sure no Woman can,
Be chang'd into that Lordly Creature, Man.
However, with this Garb I fit my Mind,
Whose high Ambition has great Things design'd:
I'll out, and chase, if *Hannibal* succeeds;
And if he falls, then *Rosalinda* bleeds.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. Both Wings are lost, the *Carthaginians* yield,
Fierce *Caius Lelius* drives 'em through the Field:
The *Gauls* and the *Ligurians* quit their Ground;
The *Massisilian* King does all confound:
With such swift Force his Arms our Troops assail,
As Hurricanes toss Showers, and scatter Hail.

Bom.

Bom. Wild as our Elephants, about he raves,
And tramples on those mercenary Slaves,
Who, scouring through the Field, avoid his Stroke,
And fly like Flocks of Doves before a Hawk.
Mah. Your valiant old *Italian* Troops stand fast,
Resolv'd to Fight your Battel to the last.
The conquering Consul riding o'er the Plain,
With all his Officers and braveſt Men,
The *Haſtati* and *Tridrii* this way comes,
With Trumpets sounding, and with beat of Drums.
Han. Auspicious *Juno*, thou that did'ſt e'er-while
Favour our Cause, and on our *Carthage* smile;
Prosper our Arms this bloody dreadful Day,
And *Hannibal* shall the Foundation lay
Of such a Temple sacred to thy Name,
As ne'er was found in the Records of Fame. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Maſſiniſſa, Lelius.

K. *Maſ.* Their Flight has wing'd the Cowards; let 'em fly,
Not worthy by such conquering Swords to die.
'Tis time we to the Consul should repair,
Rejoyn our Forces, and conclude the War.

SCENE *of* Hannibal *and* Scipio *fighting; the Consul gives Ground: Enter King* Maſſiniſſa *and* Lelius, *and beats* Hannibal *off.*

Scip. Gods! what prodigious Valour have you sent,
And what Rewards are worthy to present!
O *Maſſiniſſa!*
With what impetuous Swiftness Fortune's Wheel
Turn'd with thy Strokes! how did the Valiant reel!
Lel. As when some distant Lab'rer hews an Oak,
We see his Arm rais'd for a second Stroak,
E'er the first Blow's report can reach our Ear;
So flagg'd our Sense; nor could it reach him there.
Scip. Th' *Italian* Troops shrunk from his martial Fire,
But *Hannibal* himself did last retire:
All Lion like,
Whom a bold Band of Huntsmen having found,
And dar'd to rouse, he rouls his Eyes around,
Lashing his Sides, and tearing up the Ground,
With Trouble from th' unequal Skirmish goes,
Majestick stalks, and turns upon his Foes:

So

So from the Fight went the great General,
Proud in his Loſs, and riſing in his Fall. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Soldiers skirmiſhing, Roſalinda *falls.*

Roſ. Heav'n thou haſt done thy worſt, there needs no more:
Bold with my Overthrow, I brave thy Pow'r,
And ſhake the Glaſs that holds my lateſt Hour.
O! *Hannibal*, did I for this deſign
This Heart, this Youth and Beauty only thine?
Pride and Neglect on every Lover hurl'd,
Scorn'd him that Conquers thee, and all the World?
From me, loſt Hero, learn, be Great and die:
The Brave ſhould bleed for Loſs of Victory.

Enter Hannibal, Maherbal, Bomilcar.

Han. Carthage is loſt, and *Hannibal* o'erthrown;
What is there left that we may call our own?
The bleeding World *Rome* does by Conqueſt claim,
And ſwells the Prize with our revolted Fame:
Yet ſpight of Fate our Length of Earth we have;
Thus vanquiſh'd, Glory ſhrowds thee in a Grave.
Bom. Hold, General; the Gods your Death forbid:
Vengeance is due, firſt let falſe *Hanno* bleed,
Who cut the Wings of Conqueſt till ſhe fell,
Mah. By me he ſhall be headlong ſent to Hell:
Where Fiends for Treaſon kindle double Fire:
Then let the famous *Hannibal* expire.
Roſ. Sure I the Name of *Hannibal* did hear;
Maherbal, tell me, is the General there?
Mah. Approach, my Lord, view well this wounded Fair:
Sure in your *Capuan* Miſtreſs I have ſeen
The ſame Majeſtick Air, and charming Mien.
Han. Ha! thou ha'ſt rows'd a Thought that racks me more
Than all the Loſſes I in Battel bore.
Either I dream, or in this cloſing Eye
My dazled Senſes *Roſalinda* ſpie.
Roſ. Where do th' Ambitious reſt? O *Hannibal*;
Han. What art, that doſt upon the Wretched call?
Roſ. One that's more wretched, and more raſh than thou,
That would to Fate, and not to *Scipio* bow.
Diſguis'd, and dying *Roſalinda* ſee,
Who mourns in Death thy Loſs of Victory:
That laſt Diſgrace.
Han. Dire Goddeſs, of this War:
Too true I find all thy Preſages are.

The

The Gods have given a double Overthrow,
Wou'd I had bravely periſh'd by my Foe,
Stretch'd in the Field, this Loſs I had not known,
Nor ſhould my tortur'd Soul thy Ruin moan.
Roſ. Is it ſo hard our Wiſhes to obtain;
Sad Hearts with bleeding loſe Love's burning Pain.
Han. O dying Fair, look up, revive a while;
With one ſhort Joy eternal Care beguile:
The ſetting Sun, all curtain'd round by Night,
At his Departure gives a larger Light.
Roſ. Flow faſter Blood; it will not be, I fear,
The Wound's too ſmall, Death cannot enter here,
But ſhall I ſtay behind when Honour's fled?
Han. Live, and I'll raiſe that Honour from the Dead.
Roſ. Renown runs on, like Time, but ne'er turns back.
Han. Then we that ſwift Renown will overtake:
We'll haſte where Glory baits, to every Hold,
And mount new Fame, till we out-ſtrip the old.
Roſ. Dear *Hannibal*, alas! I wiſh I cou'd;
But 'twill not be: Life trembling takes the Flood,
'Till well-nigh ſwallowed in Waves of Blood.
The *Roman* Glory ſhines too fatal bright,
And with its gathering Luſtre dims my Sight:
Eternally adieu; my Body take,
Chaſte and entire I kept it for your ſake:
'Tis the laſt Preſent that I now can make. [*Dies.*

Han. For ever gone; all her ſweet ſtock of Breath
Spent in one Sigh; the Riot of Rich Death.
Now by my Arms the Gods too partial are,
Or elſe they envy'd my full Trade of War:
Which cou'd ſo vaſt a State of Beauty buy,
As far ſurpaſs'd the Manors of the Sky.
Dead *Roſalinda*——

Rom. Raiſe you from the Ground,
And let not Love your Virtue's Force confound;
Where is that Heat and haughty Courage gone,
Which againſt Nature's Laws your Troops led on?
Mah. Think you for nought the Gods ſuch Valour gave?
You ſhould prop Thrones, and falling Kingdoms ſave.
Bury'd in Thought, and deaf to Honour's Call,
Your Soul beneath her mighty pitch does fall.
Han. Maherbal, no; aſtoniſh'd thou ſhalt be;
We dare be brave in ſpight of Deſtiny.
Though robb'd of all the Riches Love could give,
And ſtript of Glory too, yet we will live:

Courage is form'd of the Etherial Mold,
And round it Bands of Adamant are roll'd.
To this ſtill haughty Breaſt ſuch Fire is given,
I could the Summons meet of Hell or Heaven:
Could, like the great Eternal Mover, ſway
The World in Arms, and teach him to obey.
'Twas noble Grief that lately chang'd my Form,
But I am ruffled now into a Storm.
Rom. Your Miſtreſs Body hence we will convey,
And in ſome hollow'd Vault her Relicks lay.
Mah. Like Pilgrims, once a Year we'll Mourning go,
And on her Urn ſad Yew with Cypreſs throw,
And all our Stock of Tears and Sighs beſtow.
Han. For ever, brighteſt of thy kind, farewel,
Who wert ſo worthy, therefore early fell.
As the young Phœnix does, in ſacred Myrrh,
His Father's Duſt to the Sun's Temple bear,
So in Fame's Houſes ſhalt thou honour'd be.
And every God ſhall have a grain of thee.
Mah. Since Glory with her laſt Breath ſhe profeſs'd,
May wiſh'd Dominion witness all your Breaſt.
Han. Haſte, haſte, *Maherbal* and freſh Levies make;
Honour that did but now calm Slumbers take,
Shall like the Ocean in a Tempeſt wake:
We'll paſs new *Alpes*, new Conſuls over throw,
To Rome with far more dreadful Armies go;
Forcing the *Appian*, and *Emilian* way,
To the Suburra's we'll purſue the Fray;
Nor ſtop till *Roſcipides*'s Statues, Crown'd,
Sits in the Capitol with Gods enthron'd.

[Exeunt.

Enter Scipio, K. Maſſiniſſa, Lelius, &c.

Scip. I grieve, brave Prince, ſo often to deny;
She muſt a Captive be, or we muſt die.
K. *Maſ.* I know ſhe muſt, if you will have it ſo;
But Pardon may be granted to a Foe:
O ſpare her then; as you would be forgiven
At your laſt Hour, when you prepare for Heaven.
Scip. Learn to aſk Bleſſings; thoſe you ſhall not want;
This is a Curſe, which I can never grant.
Like one, who in a burning Fever lies,
And begs for Water, if he drinks, he dies:
I like a wiſe Phyſician, thwart your Will,
And vanquiſh your Diſtemper with my Skill:

K. *Maſ.*

K. *Maſ.* For the Gods Sake, for Friendſhip, Glory, Love
all that's good below, or bleſs'd above,
not at laſt my well-taught Courage droop;
not the Heart, which you have ſoften'd up.
Oh *Sophoniſba*! ——Give her to my Prayers,
theſe faſt riſing Sighs, and falling Tears:
other Crown I aſk as Valour's due,
all that I have done, or all that I ſhall do.
at your Knees, behold a Monarch fall;
more, your Friend, and then I have ſaid all.
Scip. Let not your Paſſion Royalty degrade:
Valiant Prince, I've thought of what you ſaid.
as your Friend my Temper cannot keep,
urn your Misfortunes, and like you can weep:
curſe *Roman* Tyranny, and wiſh you were
ever joyn'd with that unhappy Fair.
K. *Maſ.* Oh you have bleſt me!
Scip. Maſſiniſſa, ſtay;
only heard what Friendſhip bid me ſay:
as *Rome*'s Conſul, and the Lord of Power,
now command you never ſee her more.
while the View of her may fatal be;
this is my laſt immutable Decree.
K. *Maſ.* Is your ſelf'd Pity come to this? your Tears
fuller than thoſe which *Egypt*'s Monſter wears?
tyrannick *Rome*! Barb'rous are all thy Laws;
! for this, in thy ſecured Cauſe,
ſav'd Life, by lavishing her precious Food,
thy Spirits ſunk, tempted my dearest Blood,
fought till I Ramparts made of Bodies round;
o mark'd with Fate, that I appear'd one Wound.
ſet ris'd thy bleeding Eagles from the Ground?
Scip. Think no more on't; her Memory forget.
K. *Maſ.* Cut me to Atoms, tear my Soul out; yet
every ſmalleſt Particle of me,
ſhall the Form of *Sophoniſba* ſee:
like my Soul, and all in every Part;
ſtor'd in my Eyes, and bleeding in my Heart.
Scip. Lelius, Secure the Queen.
K. *Maſ.* Stay, *Lelius*, ſtay;
done, my Lord, and will your Power obey:
Queen ſhall die: on a King's Word ſhe ſhall;
muſt a Victim for the Empire fall.
am I now?
Scip. For *Sophoniſba*'s Loſs,
Arms *Numidia*'s Empire ſhall engroſs.

For your late Gallantry at *Zama* ſhown,
Kind *Rome* preſents you an Imperial Crown,
Salutes you King. Now all your Griefs defie;
Thus we embrace thee as our Brave Allie,
Give your Grief Truce; thus prais'd, and thus adorn'd,
Let all the Beauties of the Earth be ſcorn'd. [Exit.

K. *Maſ.* Scorn'd be your Glory more, and *Roman* Pride,
While I in Winding Sheets embrace my Bride.
For 'tis decreed that we muſt never part,
We'll be one Spirit, as we're now one Heart:
Traverſe the glitt'ring Chambers of the Sky,
Born in a Cloud, in view of Fate I'll lie;
And preſs her Soul, while Gods ſtand wiſhing by.

Men. My Lord, if you would hear.

K. *Maſ.* What can'ſt thou ſay?

Men. Reaſon's a Rebel when high Paſſions ſway.

K. *Maſ.* And ſuch art thou; yet ſpeak, what ſhall I do?
Inſtruct me to be greatly Falſe, or True.

Men. The Queen muſt die.

K. *Maſ.* Ha! muſt? no more.

Men. She to the Gods is given, or *Roman* Power.

K. *Maſ.* Neither; ſhe ſhall not die; nor ſhall ſhe live
The *Romans* Slave; I'll give her a Reprieve.

Men. But how?

K. *Maſ* Why thus: I'll kill my ſelf, kill thee,
Rome, *Carthage*, all the World; and then ſhe ſhall live free.

Men. Glory or Beauty 'tis ordain'd you loſe.

K. *Maſ* O! *Rome*, O! Heaven, both equally my Foes!
Was ever Heart thus miſerably torn?
Were ever Woes like mine ſo calmly born?
From the Contagion of my Troubles take
As much as might the Spring a Winter make,
Freeze the hot Blood of a crown'd Conquerour,
Damp the wiſh'd Joys of a young Bridal Pair;
Yet then I ſhall have more than Man can bear.

Men. When Virtue thus oppreſs'd, Mankind does ſee,
What fearful dreaming Fool will Pious be?
Martyrs no more, ſhall Racks or Flames require,
Nor dying wiſh; but only Life deſire,
To Murder Prieſts, and Temples ſet on Fire.

K. *Maſ.* Why, ye Immortal Gods, is all this Care?
Why do you drive your Creatures to deſpair;
Had I upon my Throne ſate King of Fears,
The Orphans wrong'd, or drunk the Widows Tears:
Had I brav'd Heav'n by ſome Out-ragious Sin,
For theſe Afflictions there had reaſon been:

But 'tis all well, I no Injustice have;
The Gods but take the Being which they gave.
Menander, haste, two Bowls with Poison fill;
And, when I call, like Fate, come forth and kill.
Men. 'Tis a dread Deed to which you urge my Hand,
K. *Maſ.* It's glorious too, diſpute not my Command.
Men. I'll not preſume to fathom your deep Thought;
But ſtraight your Will ſhall by your Slave be wrought.
[*Exit.*

K. *Maſ.* Love and Ambition have their utmoſt done,
'Twas Love allur'd, Ambition led me on.
Like a raſh Boy, who a ſteep Mountain climbs,
Big with brave Thoughts of reaching Heav'n it ſelves,
He puffs and blows, and mighty pains he takes,
Flies all his Strength, and much ado he makes;
But having reach'd the Top, he views about,
The fancy'd Heav'n, and all the painted Roof,
So did Ambition draw me with a Wile,
And fleeting Love my cow'ring Hopes beguile. [*Exit.*

Enter Sophoniſba.

Soph. The Conſul is return'd with Conqueſt crown'd;
Triumphant Voices rend the echoing Ground,
And to the Heav'ns the Trumpets Clangors ſound;
Yet I no News of *Maſſiniſſa* hear:
Should he be ſlain, which I with reaſon fear,
Moſt loſt of Women, deſperate, undone,
What could'ſt thou do? what Gods could'ſt thou atone?
Abhor'd, thou muſt to angry *Rome* repair,
And all the Cruelties of Bondage bear.
No, Sophoniſba, think what thou haſt been,
The Miſtreſs of two Monarchs, twice a Queen.
Thou muſt fall, bravely reſign thy Breath,
And be above the *Romans* in thy Death.

Enter King Maſſiniſſa.

Oh my lov'd Lord! are you then come at laſt?
Are you alive? and do I hold you faſt?
K. *Maſ.* Beſt of thy Sex, and dearer than my Life,
The faireſt Miſtreſs, and the gentleſt Wife!
So great and glorious, Emperours envy thee;
And art ſo good that the Gods envy me.
They ſent thee here, but as an Angel Scout,
With a ſhort Light'ning view, to gaze and out:

Torments of Hell, and Racks of Diſtiny!
Thou muſt, oh that I live to ſpeak it! die.
Soph. Bleſt Sound! we ſhall not then to *Rome* be led;
But Solemn Triumphs have in Honour's Bed.
This laſt Alarm my drooping Spirits chears,
As when the Warriour his lov'd Trumpet hears;
His Martial Blood begins to warm apace,
And boils, and flushes in his kindling Face,
And much he longs to ſtrive in Glories Race.
Speak Death again, my Guard and ſure Defence;
It bears a mighty Sound, and mighty Senſe.
K. *Maſ.* O keep thee there, now, while thy Virtues glow,
And dart Divinity, I'll give the Blow.
Come forth *Menander*, with thoſe fatal Bowls,
Whoſe Juice, tho' it the Body's Force controuls,
Revives the Mind, and ſlacks the Thirſt of Souls.

Enter Menander, *with two Bowls.*

Give me the Draught.
Soph. What means my Royal Love?
K. *Maſ.* By your bright ſelf, by all the Powers above,
No Angel's Eloquence my Soul ſhall move.
To die with thee, and thy dear Honour ſave:
What greater Glory could th' Ambitious have?
'Twill build a Palace for me in the Grave.
Not but that in the Agonies of Breath,
I tremble when I think upon thy Death.
Soph. Thou beſt of Men, whoſe Fame, where-e'er it flies,
Shall draw up bleeding Hearts, and weeping Eyes,
Let not your Soul tremble for me; for I
Can fear no Torment, but to ſee you die.
K. *Maſ.* Then chearfully let's go, here's to my Love,
And to our Meeting with the Bleſs'd above. [*Drinks.*
Soph. Give me the Bowl, mark if my Hand does ſhake,
Or the freſh ſpringing Blood my Lips forſake,
Undaunted to my Lips the Draught I lift,
'Tis to my Lord, this is his Nuptial Gift. [*Drinks.*
K. *Maſ.* *Menander*, faithful Confident, farewel,
Haſte, and our Story to the Conſul tell.
On thy Allegiance go without Reply,
Thou ſhould'ſt rejoyce to ſee me bravely die.
[*Exeit* Menander.
How fares my only Love? my firſt, laſt Dear?
The Sweet of thouſand Spings are blowing here.
All in thy Sighs:
Soph. Ah, give your Kindneſs o'er,
Or we ſhall live, and feel the *Roman* Power.

Methought

Methought Death touch'd me with a chilling Pain;
But your warm Kisses shot thro' every Vein
A kinder Heat, and kindled Life again.
K. Mas. Thus let us launch into Eternity:
Sink in Death's Bottomless and Boundless Sea:
Like drowning Friends, link'd in Embraces fast,
Our Arms, Love's Nets, about each other cast.
Soph. What could long Life, or Empire give like this;
K. Mas. Thy Love is Empire, and eternal Bliss.
Soph. I go, where shall we meet? [*Dies.*
K. Mas. The Gods can tell.
Heaven's Peace, and golden Slumbers with thee dwell. [*Dies.*

Enter Scipio, Lelius, *and* Menander.

Men. See there, Great Sir, th' Effects of your rash Doom,
The Victims you have offer'd up to *Rome*.
Lel. What cruel Eyes could Pity here-refrain,
Beholding two such Royal Lovers slain?
Scip. These unexpected Objects so amaze.
My Reason, I could ever on 'em gaze.
Since thou, most great and lovely Prince art dead,
War's Marches *Scipio* shall no longer tread:
With *Carthage* Peace we'll instantly conclude,
Which hadst thou liv'd, our Arms might have subdu'd:
To *Rome*, our Drooping-Eagles then shall steer,
Where after tiresome Honours, we'll repair
To some small Village, *Lelius*, thou and I;
And study not to live, but how to die.

PRO-

PROLOGUE to the University of OXFORD.

Written by *J. Dryden*, Esquire.

THESPIS *the first Professor of our Art,*
At Country Wakes sung Ballads in a Cart:
To prove this true, if Latin be no Trespass,
Dicitur & Plaustris vexisse Poemata Thespis.
But Æschylus, *says* Horace, *in some Page,*
Was the first Mountebank e'er trod the Stage.
Yet Athens *never knew your Learned Sport,*
Of tossing Poets in a Tennis-Court:
But 'tis the Talent of our English *Nation,*
Still to be Plotting some new Reformation;
And some Years hence, if Anarchy *go on,*
Jack Presbyter *will here erect his Throne,*
Knock out a Tub with Preaching once a Day,
And every Prayer be longer than a Play:
Then all you Heathen Wits shall go to Pot:
For disbelieving of a Popish Plot:
Nor shall we want the Sentence to depart,
Even in our first Original, a Cart.
Occham, Dun, Scotus, *must, tho' Learn'd, go down;*
As chief Supporters of the Tripple-Crown:
And Aristotle, *for Destruction ripe,*
Some say, he call'd the Soul an Organ-Pipe;
Which, by some little help of Derivation,
Shall thence be call'd a Pipe of Inspiration.
Your wiser Judgments further penetrate,
Who late found out one Tare amongst the Wheat.
This is our Comfort none e'er cry'd us down,
But who disslik'd both Bishops, *and a* Crown.

EPILOGUE, *Spoken to* Sophoniſba *at its Playing at* OXFORD.

TO this Learn'd Audience gladly we ſubmit,
At once our Action, and our Poet's Wit,
Whoſe Shades well pleas'd to theſe fam'd Seats repair,
To hear the Muſes breath their Native Air:
Free from the partial Cenſure of the Town,
Where ſenſeleſs Faction runs the Poet down:
Where ſtutt'ring Hectors on the Vizard fall,
One half o'th' Play they ſpend in Noiſe and Braul,
Sleep out the reſt then wake and Damn it all.
To you the labour'd Scene is better known,
In which no Poets have excell'd your own:
When ſome fam'd Hero on the Stage is ſeen,
You ſtrait reflect, ſuch was his Godlike Mein;
To ſuch extent did his vaſt Conqueſts ſwell,
He Reign'd thus Glorious, thus untimely fell:
Knowing th' Original, you the Copy praiſe,
And crown the Artiſt with deſerved Bays.
Thus to their Merits we our Poets leave,
But for our ſelves your milder Cenſure crave,
That all Defects i'th' Action you'd impute
T' our ſtraitned Stage; 'tis ours, the Womens ſuit.
The Gown to Beauty never was unkind,
But form'd by that th' Ideas of the Mind.
'Twas from the Schools our firſt Reſpects we gain'd,
Who of our Sex their Sciences have fein'd.
Thus were the Muſes, thus the Graces dreſs'd,
And Plato *thus his Vertue has expreſs'd.*
We know what's due to Sophoniſba's *Fame,*
And more to Roſalinda's *chaſter Name.*
Nor can we wholly Ignorant appear
Of thoſe Learn'd Languages that flouriſh here.
Be not ſurpriz'd if we invade your Right,
And Ovid's, *or* Catullus *Loves recite;*
Or paſs from Virgil's *Labours of* Æneas,
To Menin aeide thea Peleiade o Achilleos.

FINIS.

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